

The Sketch

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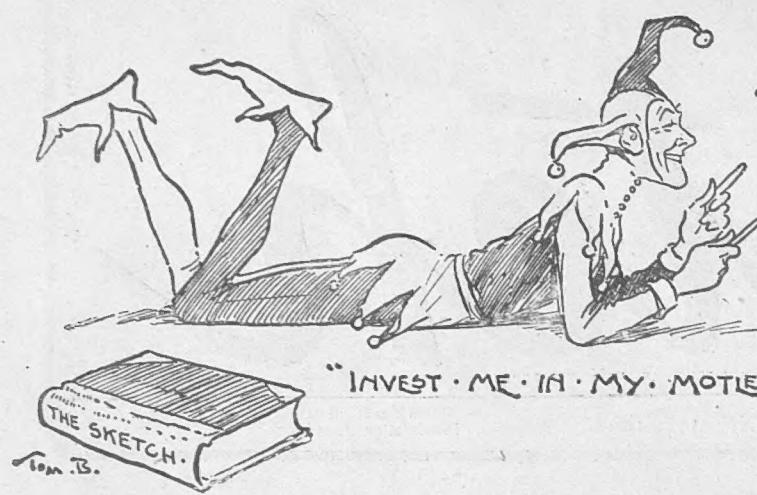
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1908.

With Beautiful
Presentation Plate | ONE SHILLING.



BEWARE!

Photograph of Miss Kitty Mason as Cupid by the Dover Street Studios.



Ordeal by Luncheon.

I may be wrong, but I gather that Miss Maud Allan is rather cross with the Manchester Watch Committee. Having read nearly three hundred interviews with Miss Allan on this subject, I find two reasons outstanding why Miss Allan has every reason to resent the action of the Manchester Watch Committee in prohibiting the "Salome" dance in Manchester. One of these is that Miss Allan has danced before Mr. Arthur Balfour, and the second that she has lunched with Mr. Asquith. The lunch with Mr. Asquith is insisted upon in all the interviews. This puzzles me. As an ordinary stupid fellow, I should have thought that, after the rejection by Manchester of Mr. Winston Churchill, the less said about that lunch with Mr. Asquith the better. Miss Allan is a Canadian, and it must be obvious to anybody that a true Canadian has no business to be lunching with a Free Trade Prime Minister. Mind you, I do not take sides in the matter. *The Sketch* is not altogether a political paper; if it were, there would be no room for me on the literary staff. But I do urge Miss Allan to deal leniently with the poor old Watch Committee. She herself has said—"I am not Maud Allan, but Salome, or whatever character I happen to be representing at the time." There you have the attitude of the Watch Committee in a nutshell. It is not Miss Maud Allan to whom they refuse the welcome of their great city, but Salome. For my part, if Salome could come to life, I should certainly invite her to tea. But the Manchester Watch Committee have other views with regard to the lady. They do not know her, save by hearsay, and they have no desire to know her. Jezebel, Rahab, and Cleopatra are also on the black list at Manchester. But it is absurd to suppose that they cherish anything but esteem for Miss Maud Allan herself, or any other lady who has been so fortunate as to win the artistic approval of an eminent politician.

The Newest Interview.

The *Daily Mirror* has hit upon a new sort of interview. It catches the interviewee when he or she is excited and breathless, thus ensuring expressions of spontaneous thought. The *Mirror* tried the experiment the other day upon Miss Maud Allan. Miss Allan had just finished being Salome—in fact, she was resting on the sofa in her charming dressing-room at the Palace. Just to show you how quickly Miss Allan can leave off being Salome and become Miss Maud Allan, let me quote a few lines from the interview. "This is a very serious question," she said, "and, after consideration, I should say, 'Yes, a woman can love twice. But the second love would not be quite like the first. She would love first because she scarcely knows why. But twice is the limit. A woman couldn't truly love more than twice.'" I hope the Manchester Watch Committee will note the non-Salomish touch in these remarks. Then Mr. Butt, the able managing-director of the Palace, chipped in. "Nonsense!" interposed Mr. Butt. "A woman can love twenty times." Which shows, I think, that even Mr. Butt was not quite sure whether Miss Allan, at the moment, was Salome or Miss Allan. Miss Allan soon showed him. "Not love," she argued. Congratulations to the *Mirror*, and Miss Allan, and Salome, and Mr. Butt. Condolences to the Manchester Watch Committee.

A Heroine Indeed!

"matter of fact," panted Miss Kerin, whilst her faithful dresser held a glass of ice-cold water to her lips, and another faithful dresser bathed her poor temples, "a woman can only love once as she loves the first time. Nothing again is ever like that first love in

So it came to pass that the *Mirror* man went down to the Lyceum, and caught Miss Nora Kerin immediately after the matinée. "As a

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND!"

its trust and innocence." Pretty good, you know, under the circumstances. I wish the *Mirror* man could have nabbed the heroines of the parachute incident just as they bumped.

Compulsory Cricket Again.

About this time last year, in another place, I ventured to suggest, to the vast indignation of the majority of the private schoolmasters in England, that cricket was not necessarily the best summer game for little boys. I urged that cricket was a game for the few; that it involved a tremendous amount of idling, not to say actual boredom. A week ago, I was looking over the wall of the cricket-ground of a preparatory school. I waited for ten minutes, and then one of the boys batting made a run. Of the thirteen boys in the field, five were fairly well occupied—the two batsmen, the two bowlers, and the wicket-keeper. I say fairly well, for the batsmen had been drilled and drilled until they were all funk and science; the bowlers, tiny little chaps, were evidently tired out; and the wicket-keeper was merely saving byes at the expense of his unlucky little body. The other nine boys, some of whom had had an innings and could look forward to nothing better than more fielding, lolled about by the pavilion. Beneath the shade of a tree, the headmasters of the opposing schools sat and fattened at their ease. I wonder how many of those boys would have voted for cricket if they had been given the option of swimming, or rowing, or tennis? And I wonder which would have done them most good?

Brilliant Father Vaughan.

This is the age, if you like, for New Ideas. Society is full of awfully intellectual people who simply sit and sigh for new intellectual worlds to conquer. Racing, bridge, polo, dancing, eating, drinking, and flirting are out of fashion. They crave for cleverness. You will hear them complain that there are really no novels worth reading, and really no plays worth seeing. Well, Father Vaughan has come to the rescue. Father Vaughan is delivering a series of sermons absolutely bewildering in their intellectuality. And he has his reward. His church is crammed. All those dears who can find no novels worth reading are now sitting at the feet of Father Vaughan. Not because he is Father Vaughan, but because he is so clever, and everything that falls from his lips is brilliantly original. For example: "Be dear, and sweet, and thoughtful to the wife. Bear with her. Never attempt to check the flowing tide of her talk. Let her talk on, while you possess your soul in peace." Think of that! Where is your pantomime comedian now! What a pity that poor Dan Leno never treated the subject of the talking wife! What a pity that no writer ever arose to give the world the simple story of a man and his wife! Then the intellectuals would have supported him as eagerly as they are now supporting Father Vaughan. . . . No?

Overheard in Farm Street.

If you want to be quite sure that Father Vaughan has the privilege of addressing the most brilliantly intellectual people in London, listen to the snatches of conversation as they leave the church after the sermon. Here are a few, stupefying in their profundity:

"She has very fair hair, you know, all crinkled at the side."

"It seems to catch me just between the shoulder-blades."

"You can buy it at any chemist's, dear, for ninepence."

"I simply can't bear her nose."

"They made all their money out of stair-rods."

"I'm sure it was the lobster that did it."

"Didn't you notice that one of her hips is higher than the other? So careless!"

"You can get them a ha'penny cheaper at the Stores."

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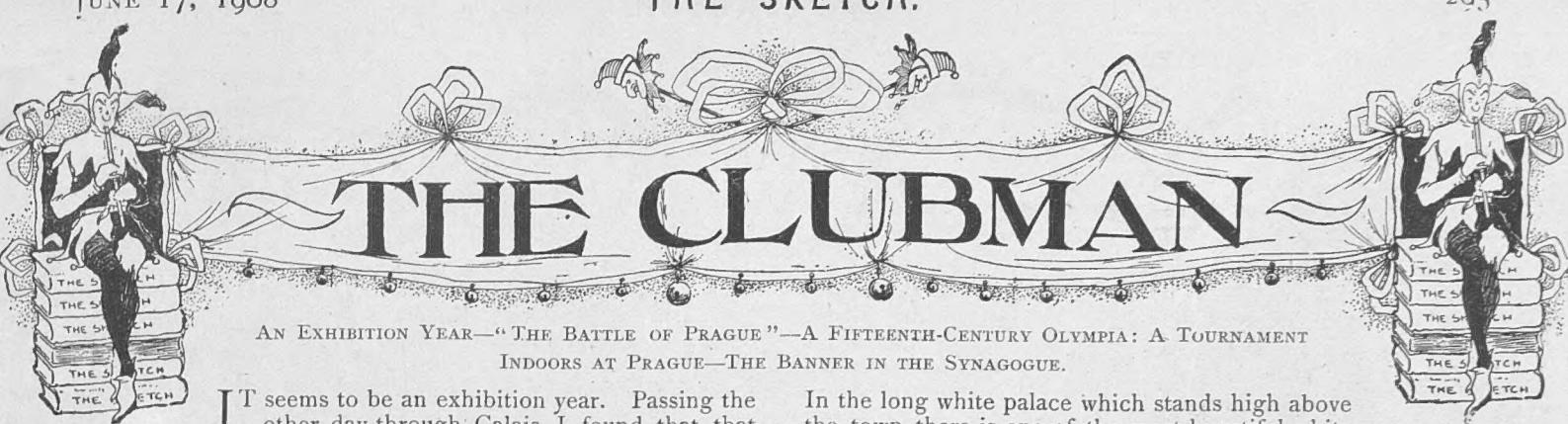
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THE CLUBMAN

AN EXHIBITION YEAR—"THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE"—A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY OLYMPIA: A TOURNAMENT INDOORS AT PRAGUE—THE BANNER IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

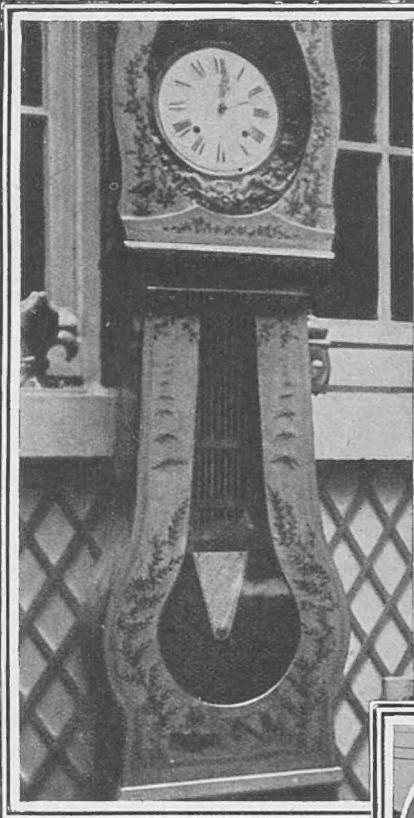


IT seems to be an exhibition year. Passing the other day through Calais, I found that that northern port, which is making great efforts to be known as a "plague" as well as a place of embarkation, was indulging this year in an exhibition; and now I read that the capital of Bohemia, the beautiful city of Prague, girt with hop-fields and great mountains, has within its walls an exceptionally interesting exhibition "for this year only." I shall, if possible, when the leaves begin to fall, make a journey to Prague to see the old town under these new circumstances, for the fortress-palace on the Moldau is with me a very favourite place of pilgrimage.

Prague is a strange, old-world city which has had many masters, and has been fought for in many wars. As a small boy I became familiar with its name, for one of the "pianoforte fantasias" which were played forty odd years ago was "The Battle of Prague." It had, I remember, much cannon-firing in it, represented by heavy thumps on the bass notes, and

In the long white palace which stands high above the town there is one of the most beautiful white ball-rooms in the world, and in the older part of the vast building, on its first floor, is a hall the like of which I have not seen anywhere else. It is of great height and very spacious, and in it tournaments used to be held. I had always been so accustomed to think of tournaments as open-air entertainments, on a mead outside the castle wall, with pavilions set in convenient thickets, and grand-stands erected for the Queen of Beauty and the lords and ladies who were onlookers, that it came as a sort of revelation that it sometimes rained on tournament days in the sixteenth century, and that an Olympia was just as necessary in Prague in 1508 as it is in London in 1908.

The most interesting of all the sights of Prague are to be found in the Judenstadt, the old quarter of the Jews. A burial-place is there, where some of the Jews who came to Prague immediately after the



A CLOCK THAT SHOULD PROVE A CLUE: THE CLOCK STOPPED BY THE ASSASSINS.

there was a passage in it which represented the groans of the dying, which I found particularly blood-curdling and attractive, and always redemandied. Which of the many battles of Prague the elaborate piece of music commemorated I do not know, but I should imagine that it was the one which settled whether Bohemia was to be a Protestant or a Roman Catholic State and was called the Battle of the White Hill, the one in which Frederick V., the son-in-law of our James I., was routed, and after which twenty-seven of the leaders of the Protestant party lost their heads by the executioner's axe before the Rathhaus.

The White Hill is now part of the Star Park, which is one of the many pleasant pleasure-grounds which are round the city. When Frederick the Great captured Prague he directed his operations from this very convenient White Hill, and a stone shows the exact spot where he used to stand when he directed the fire of his cannon. But Prague has other interests as well as those connected with its innumerable battles and sieges.

THE LATE M. ADOLPHE STEINHEIL, WHO WAS STRANGLED WITH WHIPCORD.

MME. STEINHEIL, WHO WAS GAGGED AND BOUND TO A BEDSTEAD.



THE SCENE OF THE CRIME: THE MURDERED PAINTER'S HOUSE IN THE IMPASSE RONSIN.



THE IMPASSE RONSIN, IN WHICH STANDS THE VILLA IN WHICH THE CRIME TOOK PLACE (X) BEHIND THE TREES.

THE CRIME THAT HAS MADE ALL PARIS NERVOUS:
THE REMARKABLE STEINHEIL AFFAIR.

The remarkably daring murder of the painter Adolphe Steinheil and his mother-in-law has aroused the greatest interest in Paris, and, it must be said also, has provided good cause for the nervousness of many Parisians, who live in fear of similar attacks. It will be remembered that M. Steinheil and his wife's mother were both strangled by means of whipcord, while Mme. Steinheil—permitted to live, it is believed, because she was mistaken for her daughter—was gagged and bound tightly to a bedstead. It is said that the crime was the work of four burglars, one of whom was a woman. The Steinheils' villa is in an impasse off the Rue de Vaugirard. Curiously enough, the first picture M. Steinheil exhibited in the Salon was an Inquisition scene in which a heretic was being strangled.

destruction of Jerusalem are interred. Some of the tombstones with the badges of the tribes—a pitcher or two hands being those most frequently carved—are so time-worn, so moss-grown, so surrounded by creepers and bushes, that they look as though they had been there since the beginning of time. The little stones placed on these simple monuments as signs of piety, just as we put flowers on the tombs of our forebears, add to the eeriness of the place.

In the Synagogue which is coeval with the oldest of tombstones, a dark, heavily vaulted old place of worship, a great banner stretches almost the entire length of the aisle. It was given by Ferdinand III. to the Jews of Prague in recognition of their bravery when the Swedes besieged the town. It is, in its way, as striking a recognition of the gallantry of the Jewish race as are those tablets outside the Synagogue in Great Portland Street, in our own good City of London, which tell how many brave Jews of Great Britain laid down their lives for their country in the last Boer War.

•SMALL
•TALK•



THE IRISH CANDIDATE FOR THE
LORD RECTORSHIP OF ABERDEEN:
SIR EDWARD CARSON.

Photograph by Beresford.

with his golf and outdoor life—indeed, his love for the royal and ancient game should prove a strong link with Scotland if he is finally elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen. The Liberal candidate, it is piquant to observe, is that true-blue Scot, Mr. Asquith.



AN IMPORTANT IRISH WEDDING: MISS NESTA VIOLET WRIGHT, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MR. JUSTICE WRIGHT, AND MR. AMPHLETT GOULDING, ONLY SON OF SIR WILLIAM GOULDING, Bt., WHOSE WEDDING IS TO TAKE PLACE ON SATURDAY.

The wedding is to take place at Christ Church, Bray, Co. Wicklow.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]



STA VIOLET WRIGHT, SECOND DAUGHTER
MR. MELVILLE COULDING, ONLY SON OF

the distinguished statesman to whom she was so true and devoted a helpmate that she made her first speech in favour of woman suffrage. Although Mrs. Fawcett has now thrown her very considerable weight—intellectual, not physical, for she is a small, feminine-looking



Photo, Gillman and Co.

LADY JERSEY: A LEADER OF THE "NO VOTES FOR WOMEN" PARTY.



Photo H. Walter Barnett

**MRS. HUMPHRY WARD: A LEADER OF THE
"NO VOTES FOR WOMEN" PARTY**



Photo, O. and K. Edis.

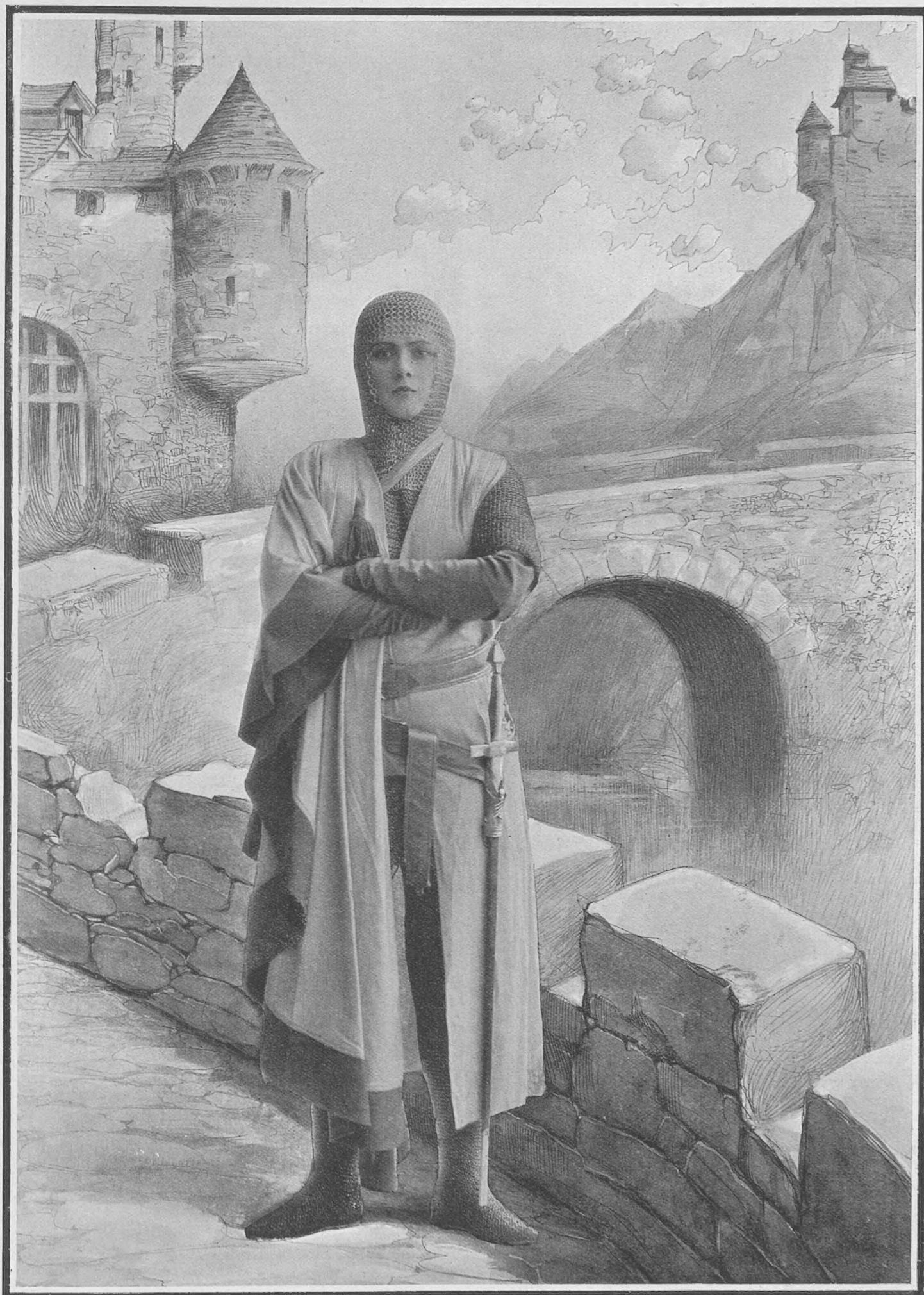
**MRS. HENRY FAWCETT: A LEADER OF THE
"VOTES FOR WOMEN" PARTY**

FOR AND AGAINST VOTES FOR WOMEN: A FRIEND AND TWO FOES OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

She is also a first-rate platform speaker, and she has done yeoman service in connection with the Primrose League. Next to the Countess of Jersey, perhaps the most distinguished anti-Suffragist lady who has signed the circular sent out by the N.W.A.S.A. is

woman—on the side of those who believe in active agitation, she was herself once well described as being among those “who work steadily, quietly, and unemotionally in the direction which pure reason and honest, sober purpose indicate.”

THE KNIGHT WHO FLED FROM A RAT.

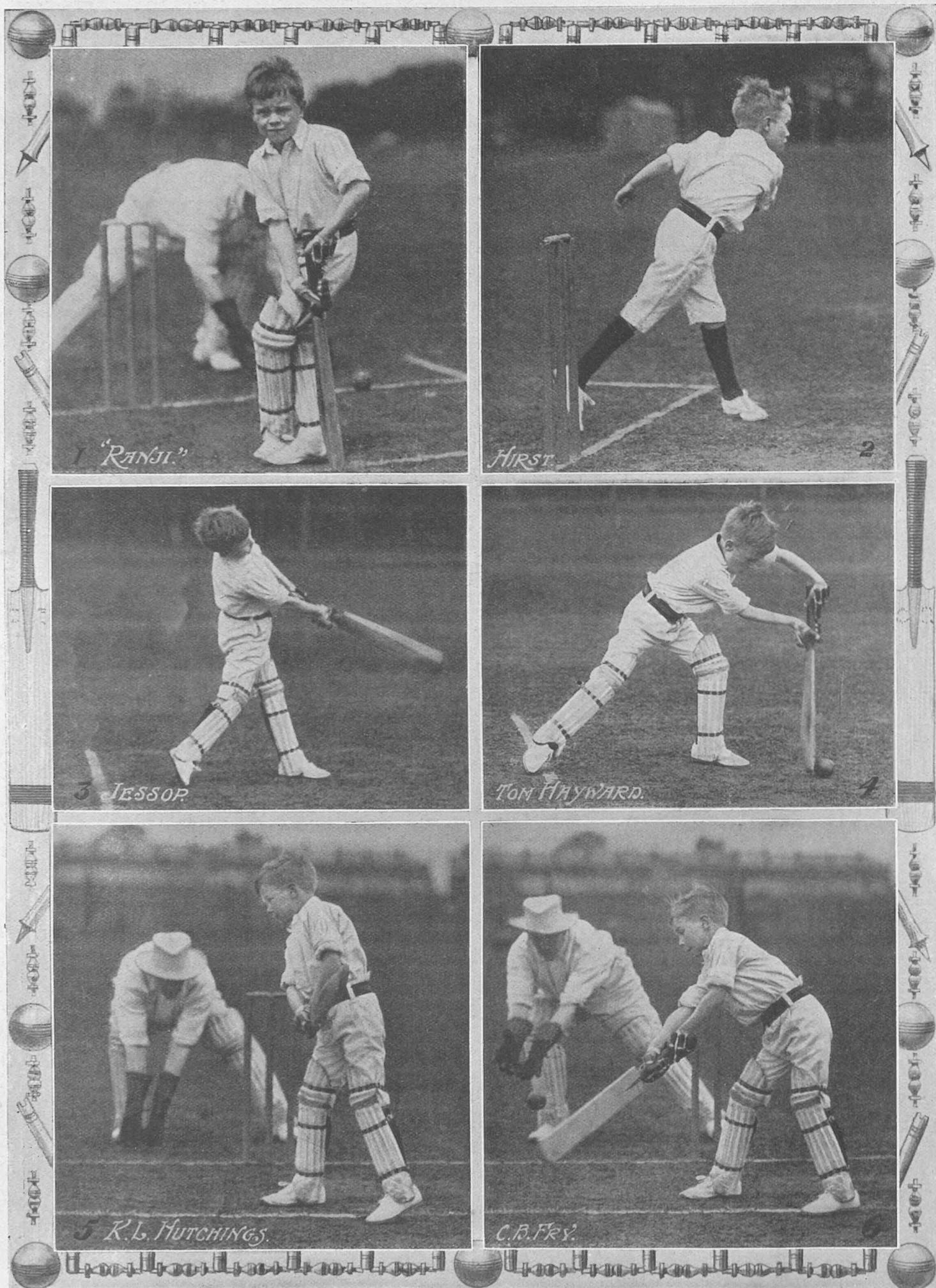


MISS LILY BRAYTON AS ELSA IN "THE TWO PINS," AT THE ALDWYCH.

During the progress of "The Two Pins" Miss Lily Brayton as Elsa disguises herself as a young knight. Philip of Knoden suspects her sex, and tests her by crying out that a rat is in the room. Immediately Elsa jumps upon the table and draws her cloak about her.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph of Miss Brayton by Rita Martin.

WHY NOT THIS NEW METHOD OF IMITATION ON THE HALLS?
A SUGGESTION TO MANAGERS.



1. THE RANJI GLIDE TO LEG. 2. AN ATTEMPT AT THE HIRST STYLE. 3. THE JESSOP SLOG. 4. THE FORWARD STROKE À LA TOM HAYWARD.
5. THE K. L. HUTCHINGS FLICK. 6. THE C. B. FRY REACH TO THE OFF.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY ILLUSTRATES THE METHODS OF FAMOUS CRICKETERS.

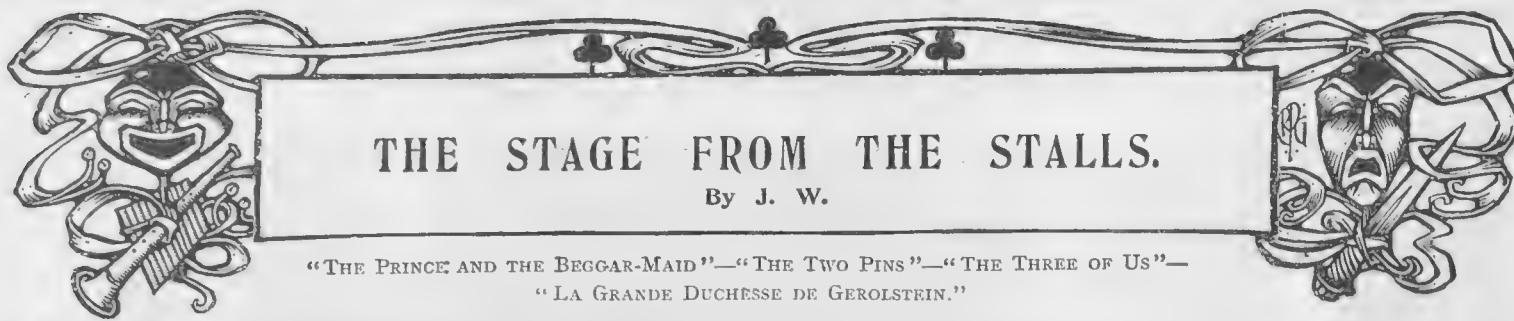
Why should not the ordinary impersonator of the halls give way, for a time at all events, to what may perhaps be called a more novel exhibition, in the form of living representations of the methods of well-known sportsmen? The idea was suggested to us by these photographs of Master Greville Stevens, who is shown imitating various well-known cricketers. There is no reason, of course, why other sports should not be dealt with in the same way. Master Stevens, it may be noted, lives near Lord's, and Albert Trott, among others, considers him to be a champion cricketer in the making.—[Photographs by Halfjones.]

MANY TIMES REFUSED; NOW EAGERLY SOUGHT:
THE DRAMATIST OF THE MOMENT.



MR. WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM, WHO HAS FOUR PLAYS RUNNING IN LONDON—"LADY FREDERICK," "JACK STRAW," "MRS. DOT," AND "THE EXPLORER."

Mr. William Somerset Maugham is in the remarkable position of being the author of four plays now running in London. His career as a playwright is significant, and should encourage many of those embryo dramatists whose plays are still awaiting production. "Lady Frederick" and "Mrs. Dot"—which are, of course, enormous successes—were written four years ago and three years ago respectively, and were refused by nearly every manager in London. When they did see the footlights they scored instantaneous triumphs. "Jack Straw" was written last year. Mr. Maugham's most recent play, "The Explorer," was produced at the Lyric on Saturday last. It was intended that the dramatist should become a doctor, and, indeed, he can write after his name M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. "Schiffbrüchig," a play of his in German, was produced in Berlin six years ago, and "A Man of Honour," five years ago.—[From the Painting by Gerald Kelly.]



M R. WALTER HOWARD'S latest effort at the Lyceum is undoubtedly his best. His Sylvania and Illyria are wonderful countries, with possibilities which are very far from being exhausted; and so long as their inhabitants are carefully guarded against the taint of reason and common-sense, and realise the imperative duty which lies upon them to be picturesque at all costs, the theatre's welkin, if it has one, will resound with ecstatic shouts of joy. Their humours are simple and effective without being too crude; their sentiment is funny without being vulgar; and their adventures would make the hair to stand on end, were it not for the comfortable certainty that the author is watching over the fortunes of the virtuous with the anxious care of an omnipotent providence.

So will the Princess Monica for many months to come disguise herself in dainty rags, and nullify the disguise by flaunting a handkerchief of rarest lace; the Prince Olaf will slip with consummate ease out of the most impossible situations; while his brother Hildred practises villainy in all its branches, failing miserably every time, and his brother Michael shows how flabby an honest man's character may become when love leads him to treachery and deceit; and if Miss Nora Kerin, Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, Mr. Eric Mayne, Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, and Mr. Frederick Ross are not finding an altogether satisfactory field for their talents as players, they are at any rate giving a fine exhibition in declamation and helping to educate their audiences up to the next interlude of Shakespeare. Truly Messrs. Smith and Carpenter, with all their limitations, are doing good work.

At the Aldwych, Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton continue their pilgrimage in search of new authors by giving another chance to Mr. Frank Stayton, who some years ago proved himself



SIR JOHN HARE'S FAREWELL TO LONDON: THE FAMOUS ACTOR AS BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH IN "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES," AT THE GARRICK.

"A Pair of Spectacles" was placed in the bill at the Garrick Theatre on Monday last.—[From the Drawing by Frank Haviland.]

I think, have relapsed into an ordinary love-story like this of the maid who went in haste to rescue her brother, fell in love with his captor, and was rather disappointed when he allowed her to go home without insisting on his right to marry her. Being the sister of such an original brother, she would have been a more original maid.

What she would have done it is not for me to say: what she does changes the play from the witty comedy which was promised and makes it mildly "romantic drama," pleasing enough, but not particularly distinguished. Miss Lily Brayton is a dazzling picture in her coat of mail and her thirteenth-century frocks, and has a few moments of vigorous indignation and some passages of pretty love-making; Mr. Oscar Asche is a large and genial warrior who bears no malice.

"The Three of Us," by Rachel Crothers, with which Miss Fannie Ward continues her season at Terry's, comes to remind us that America is still studying old English models with a touching fidelity, and, apparently, still regards as comedy what has long ago been recognised in this country as melodrama pure and simple. It is one of those exasperating misunderstanding plays, which are only kept going by sheer imbecility on the part of all the characters. In spite of a recovery in the last act, it is disappointing as a whole, though it may appeal to those who are not particular as to how theatrical effects are obtained. Miss Ward herself is more successful in her gentle than in her ferocious moods; Mr. Cyril Keightley and Mr. J. W. Dean are excellent as the two lovers; and Mr. J. A. Butler is quite admirable in his suggestion of selfish irresolution as the young brother.

Obviously, if Offenbach was really to be revived, "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" was not to be passed by on one side. We



"L'AFFAIRE DES POISONS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: M. COQUELIN AINÉ AS L'ABBÉ GRIFFARD.

Photograph by the Photo-Programme, Paris.



"L'AFFAIRE DES POISONS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: M. JEAN COQUELIN AS COBERT.

Photograph by the Photo-Programme, Paris.

at the Shaftesbury, with "The Sabre of Her Sire," and all the other airs which have had enough of the quality of music in them to survive while other light operas have passed away. Of the rendering of the music by this particular company there can hardly be unqualified praise: the tone of the chorus is harsh, and there are serious deficiencies in some of the minor parts. But Mme. Tariol-Baugé sings dramatically and acts with vivacity as the Duchess; and M. Decreus uses a pleasant if not over-powerful voice with considerable skill in the part of the soldier promoted from the ranks. M. Decreus is a humourist, too, as are MM. Desiré and Baudhuin; in fact, humour is a prominent point in the score, and these gentlemen make the most of it.

CREATORS OF THE NEW EVERLASTING FLOWER,
 "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," WHICH HAS ALREADY BLOSSOMED 862 TIMES.



THE BARONESS ORCZY AND HER HUSBAND, MR. MONTAGU BARSTOW, WHOSE NEW PLAY,
 "BEAU BROCADE," WAS PRODUCED THE OTHER DAY.

The Baroneess Orczy, author, with her husband, of that remarkable success, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," was born at Tarnaörs, Hungary, and was educated in Brussels and Paris. She first studied painting, and had several pictures in the Academy. Her career as writer began in 1900. In the third photograph is the Baroneess's son.

Photographs by Bassano.

A Change of Dress

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON
ILLUSTRATED BY — Frank Reynolds

I.

MOODS are the very deuce; but what would a woman be without them? A day in April without its sunshine—a day in April without its shower. Mrs. Gervase had her moods; they changed with the frocks she put on. That is the way with most women. In an unbecoming gown, the mood of a woman is unbecoming too. Lace her into a charming robe and her mood will be all smiles, all dimples. She will glitter as does the silk she wears; she will sparkle with the diamonds about her neck. Dress makes and mars a woman, spoils and charms her—lights her eyes or dullens them.

You may read the record of a woman's moods in the items of her dressmaker's bill.

"For altering waist and fall in mauve-silk evening-dress—" There was bound to have been a depression that day.

"For new morning coat and skirt as special design—" Ah! what a day was that!

And so on. When, therefore, a large box, branded with a well-known name, arrived for Mrs. Gervase one Friday morning from Petticoat Lane—known to the authorities as Dover Street—when the tissue-paper had been torn away from inside and the folded evening skirt, doubled, had been held to the waist, trailed from there over the well-shaped hips and walked many times before a long mirror, accompanied by various exclamations of delight, there resulted a mood as charming, as instinct with fascination as a woman can well display.

Then comes the question—if it should happen that the creation has not arrived on the day of the occasion for which it was ordered—an unlikely circumstance, it is true—but granting it, and the question arises, is there no place worthy of the name where such a frock can be shown for other women to envy, where such a mood as accompanies it can find the full tether of its expression?

"What on earth is there that I could go to besides a theatre?" Mrs. Gervase implored. "It 'ud be lost at a theatre—ab-so-lutely lost! It's much too good for a theatre. If only there was a dance! If only there was a dance!"

"There's a ball at Ketzler's to-night, Madam," said her maid with a smile. She liked to have her little jest, did Louise.

Mrs. Gervase whipped round and stood gazing into the sparkling brown eyes of Louise. Louise daubed them at her. Suddenly the eyes of Mrs. Gervase took up the step. She danced hers as well. Then back she whipped, facing the mirror.

"Louise! I go to Ketzler's."

"But, Madam—!"

"I go to Ketzler's," she repeated.

"Who will go with you, Madam?"

"No one. No one, thank you."

"But, Madam—!"

"What?"

"You know the sort of people who go there?"

"Yes, I should think they're a very good sort. My husband used to go there before we married. Nearly all the men I know have been there some time or another. Oh, I'm sure they're a very good sort. It'll be the most exciting thing on earth. I'll just see what men are like."



"But I don't mean the men, Madam."

Mrs. Gervase looked over her shoulder.

"Oh, I thought you did."

"No, Madam, I mean the women."

"Oh!"

There was a long pause. Louise waited patiently to hear her mistress change her mind.

"I think," she said at last, with deliberation, "that this shoulder could be just a wee bit higher."

Louise raised her eyebrows and the shoulder too.

"I fancy, then, Louise," said Mrs. Gervase, "that I'd better have a mask—I think a mask looks well sometimes. A blue mask would look perfect with this dress. Yes, a blue mask. Now, you take a taxi and go down as quick as you can to some of those theatrical places off Covent Garden and

get two or three masks for me to select from. You can see for yourself"—she spread out the folds of the skirt—"the sort of blue it ought to be. I'll give you some money."

"But, Madam, the women—the women who go to those balls at Ketzler's—"

"I know, Louise—I'm quite aware. But I shan't stay there long—I shall come away before the end. It's always the end of that sort of thing that is the worst. I shall come away before that. After all, they can't do anything very terrible, can they?"



A fat man of more than sixty summers caught her eye.

[Continued overleaf.]

FROM BLACK SHEEP TO WHITE SHEEP IN SEVEN MINUTES!



REMOVING A SHEEP'S COAT IN ONE PIECE: A SHEEP-SHEARER AT WORK.

A certain amount of sheep-shearing is done by machinery, but the hand-shearer is remarkably skilled, and can remove the wool in a single unbroken piece. The operation takes about seven minutes. The difference between the unsheared sheep, with its shaggy coat blackened with dirt, and the clean, close-clipped sheep is little short of remarkable.

Photograph by J. E. Tyler.

"Yes; but, Madam, it would perhaps be different—"

"Different if what?"

"Different if things were different."

"I see, you're a regular conventionalist, Louise. If I were living with my husband, eh—isn't that what you mean? But don't you see, I'm going to wear a mask. And what on earth does it matter who I live with, or rather, who I don't live with, if I wear a mask? Here, here's the money; go and get them at once. One moment! See if a letter came in the box with the dress."

Louise found it and handed it to her. Mrs. Gervase read it through.

"They're sending my other—the morning-dress—to-morrow. Well, if it's as nice as this . . . Do you think I've ever had anything half so sweet as this, Louise?"

"Never, Madam!"

"Yes, that's right, that's the right answer. Now run and get those masks. You must be back before lunch."

II.

A lady in blue, wearing a blue mask, drove up to the doors of Ketzler's at 11.30. We know who this is, of course, but since she is incognito it sounds better to speak vaguely; this part of the story, in fact, must wear the mask as well as Mrs. Gervase. To say, vaguely then—a lady—is just the mask of words concealing identity. Treading nervously over the boards, she made her way to some discreet corner

where she could watch from the shadows. With a start, she noticed Garnet Applewhite—a most respectable man, she had always considered—dancing gaily with a lady who was wearing red lips and a dress to match. A cold shudder passed through her as they waltzed by her side. But when Garnet Applewhite cast an unrecognizing glance in her direction, she gained courage, leant back more comfortably in her seat, and smiled under her mask to herself. At last, when she was beginning to wonder if she would ever get a partner, a fat man of more than sixty summers, with a heavy gold chain across a spotless white waistcoat, caught her eye—an eye of terror it was, but behind the mask he could not see what it conveyed—sidled up and sat down beside her.

"Dancing?" he said.

She drew away a little.

"No," she replied; "not just now."



"Why do you wear that mask?" he questioned.

"Oh, come along," he said coaxingly; "have a turn—just a weeny turn." It was like a fat man to use such an expression as that.

"No—really—I—no thanks."

"Well—come and have a drink, then."

She was going to be insulted. She checked herself.

"No—thank you."

He took a cigar despairingly out of his case and bit the end off, expectorating it viciously upon the floor.

"Not much of a crowd, is there?" he said presently.

"No—not so much as usual."

He looked round at her.

"Are you here often, then?"

"I hardly miss one in the year," she replied equably.

"Well, then, come and have a little turn," he begged again.

"I told you I wasn't dancing just now," she replied. "Besides, I don't know you."

"Oh, hoity-toity!" he said. That is another expression familiar to fat men. The lady curled her lip in disgust.

"Perhaps you're waiting for someone?" he added.

She jumped at that—not too eagerly, but she did not mean to let it slip.

"That's quite right," she said.

He rose to his feet.

"Then I guess I won't intrude. You won't have a drink before he comes? Just a gargle to clear your throat, so that you can tell him what you think of him for being late."

"A what?"

"A gargle—a wash-out. Never heard of that before?"

"Oh, yes—oh, yes—" She felt sick as she looked up at him. "No, thanks."

"Well—I'll say good-evening then."

"Good-evening."

He took a step away—then turned back.

"P'raps if I gave you my card," he said, "and you gave me yours—you might consider that you knew me then."

"I haven't got any cards with me," she replied in amazement.

"Oh, all right," he said, "all right"; and he sidled away. She drew a breath of relief. So this was Ketzler's Ball. She felt she would like a drink then to take the taste out of her mouth.

Then her eyes fixed upon a man moving across the floor. She leant forward tensely to get a better view of him, then she leant

[Continued overleaf.]

HIS EDUCATION HAD BEEN LIBERAL, TOO.



THE PROFESSOR: Now, Willie, we can just discern the tiny hamlet of Wagley-cum-Wigley, where Morcar of the Ruddy Lip was defeated while contesting the supremacy of the eastern counties with Earl Hardknut.

WILLIE (*vaguely*): 'Myes. I seem to remember it. It was a bye-election, wasn't it?

back with an indrawn breath of amazement. He was coming her way. She looked to right and left as though seeking some sudden means of escape. But now it was too late. He was close to her now. Escape would be obvious. She put her hand to her face as though the mask were not there already, doing its duty of concealment. She heard his steps passing her; was just about to breathe relief, when they stopped. Then her heart went to ice. He was coming back. Her hand still partly covered her face.

"Got a headache?" she heard him say. It had to be done now.

She took her hand away and waited for the exclamation, but there was none.

"Just a little," she replied.

He paused in what he was going to say and looked at her intently.

"Why do you wear that mask?" he questioned.

"Amusement."

"Damned funny amusement—isn't it?"

"Most amusements are—aren't they?"

He laughed at that.

"Going to dance?"

"Yes; I don't mind."

She stood up. He put his arm round her waist, and they moved off into the crowd. The waltz was "Amoureuse." It is worth dancing, too. They turned and reversed, chasséd and turned again, in absolute silence.

"My Lord! You know how to dance," he said presently.

"So do you," she replied.

She felt his arm tighten on her waist, and on they went. They waltzed to the last beat of the last note. Then they stopped.

"Come and have a drink," he said quietly.

She went obediently. When the band struck up again, he turned and looked at her scrutinisingly.

"Dance again?"

"Yes," she said.

"You're the best-dressed woman in the place—do you realise that?" he asked, as they walked back to the floor.

"Yes; I realise it," she replied, with a smile behind the mask.

"Good!" he laughed. Then they swayed into the crowd once more.

"Lord! You can dance!" he repeated.

"So can you," she whispered again.

When it was over they passed the little fat man, expiring with heat.

"He turned up, then?" he said, with a grin.

She nodded her head and laughed.

"Do you know that little fat beast?" he said quickly.

"I suppose so."

"Well—?"

"He spoke to me when I came in this evening."

"You hadn't seen him before?"

"No."

"Oh! I thought you knew him. Have another drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Well—come and have a smoke somewhere."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I'm going."

"Going? Why?"

"Just—I'm going."

"Well, that's rather rough on me, isn't it?"

"Do you think so?" she smiled at him.

"Yes, of course it is. I say, do take off that ghastly mask—it's rotten."

"Very glad it isn't," she said—"it might fall off."

He smiled. "But do take it off."

"No—no!" She rose to her feet.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed—"you're not really going?"

"I am."

"But do you mean to say I'm not going to see you again?"

She opened her hands expressively.

"Where do you live?"

She hesitated.

"Well—you might tell me that—hang it all!"

"I've a flat in Wigmore Street. One hundred and fifty three."

He framed his lips to the whistle.

"Pretty expensive—isn't it?" he said.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well—can I come and see you—some time or other?"

Again she shrugged her shoulders.

"Come to-morrow afternoon," she said, as though she had remembered something—"come to-morrow afternoon at four-thirty and have some tea."

III.

The new morning-dress arrived for Mrs. Gervase at four o'clock. She put it on at once. Louise found her strangely excited.

"I'm going to show this off as well, Louise," she said.

"Where, Madam?" Louise was suspicious.

"Nowhere—here." She stepped into the skirt, watching the reflection of it at all stages of the fastening in the long mirror. When the last hook was caught—she frowned.

"What do you think, Louise?" she asked.

Louise frowned as well.

"Doesn't seem to fall *very* well from the hips, Madam."

"No—that's what I thought. Where's the coat. Let's try the coat."

She remained before the mirror, frowning at her reflection while the coat was being unearthed from the rustling mass of tissue-paper.

Louise held it up to the light.

"It looks all right, Madam."

"Yes, anything looks all right hanging on a peg. Put it on. Put it on!"

Louise knew this mood—knew it well. She trembled for the result that the coat would bring.

"Just let me pull it down a little at the back, Madam," she said in self-defence, when she saw the reflection of Mrs. Gervase's face in the long mirror.

"Pull it down? Pulling it down at the back won't do it any good. The thing's positively shocking! I can't think how they dare to send a thing out like that! Look at the collar! It makes me look as broad-shouldered and fat—as fat as—as an awful old man I saw last night. Oh, take it off, for heaven's sake, Louise—take it off! I simply won't have it, that's all! What's that?"

"The bell, Madam?"

"Is it half-past four yet?"

"Oh, no, Madam, not yet."

"Well, go and see who that is. I'm not going to see anyone except—There may be a gentleman, but he's coming at half-past."

Louise was glad to go. She came back with a blanched face.

"It's Mr. Gervase, Madam."

Mrs. Gervase showed but little surprise.

"You sent him away, then, I suppose?"

"No, Madam."

"Why not?"

"He said you were expecting him."

"Did you say I was in?"

"No, Madam. I said I would go and see. I said I thought you were out."

Mrs. Gervase looked again at the new morning-dress, and her lip curled.

"Isn't it, without question, the worst thing they've done for me, Louise?" she said.

"It certainly isn't becoming, Madam."

"No—I should think it wasn't. When you said I was probably out—did you say, 'Mrs. Gervase is probably out'?"

"No, Madam—I said, 'Madam is probably out.'"

"Well—then, now go and say, 'Madam is out.'"

Moods, you know, are the very deuce!

THE END.



"It's Mr. Gervase, Madam."

WILL MANCHESTER BAR HIM—OR WATCH HIM?



MR. MALCOLM SCOTT AS SALOME AND IN DIRECTOIRE DRESS.

Mr. Malcolm Scott, who is appearing at the London Pavilion, now gives a "Salome" dance in the Maud Allan manner (more or less), and also dons a Directoire dress. When next he goes to Manchester, will the Watch Committee who decided to ban Miss Allan's "Salome" dance bar him also? If so, Manchester will suffer yet another blow. The end of the chorus of Mr. Scott's Directoire song is as follows:—"You think I'm fast, and you think I've got a past, You have never seen my costume in a rectory. If you want my name—simply go and look in your directory."

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.

AND CUSTOM DIES HARD.



SHE: I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you?
HE: Ah—that has been my custom!

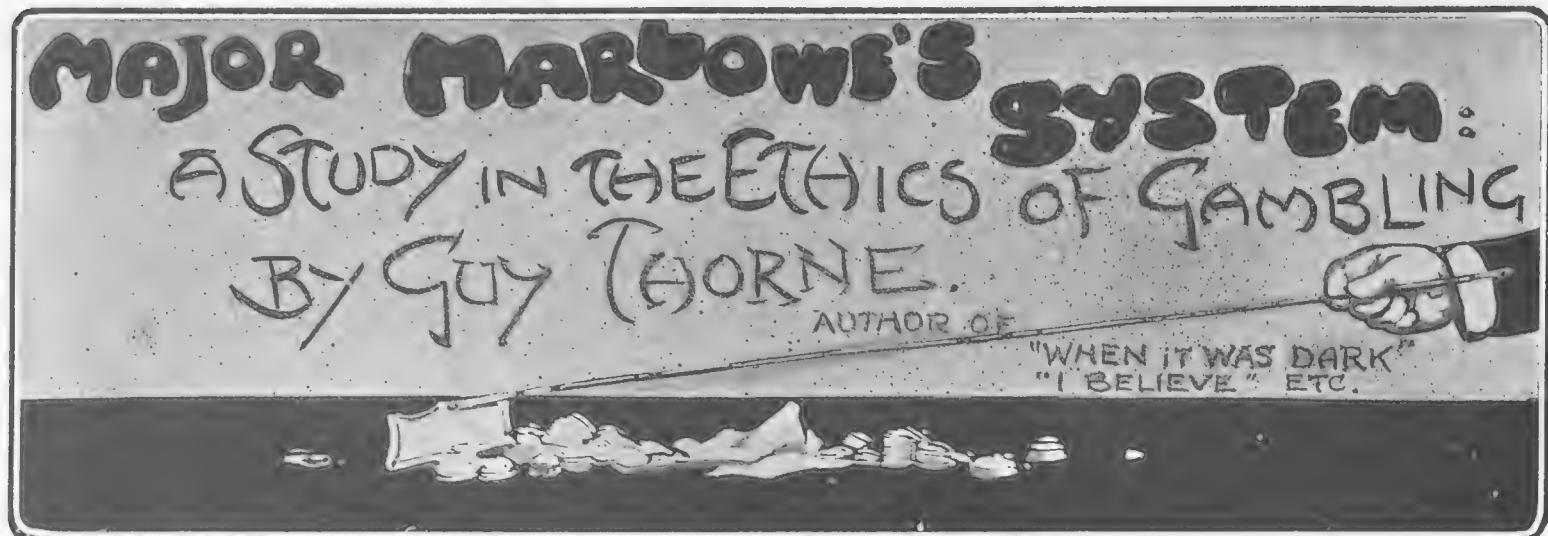
DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

POST OFFICE : NOTICE OF DELAY.



MARINER (*a descendant of Irish Kings, shipwrecked on a desert island*): Bad cess to ut! Afther comisin' an iligant note for deliverance, wid our own life-blood, divil a pinny postage-stamp have we betwixt us!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THERE is quite a general idea among that type of person whose holiday excursions do not reach further than the nearest watering-place to his own town that a sojourn on the Riviera is frightfully expensive, and apt to be rather wicked, too. Monte Carlo, of course, dominates the brain of the untravelled, and the tentacles of that lovely home of sin are supposed to stretch right along the Côte d'Azur.

The Man in the Street reads in the "Mondanité" column that Lord and Lady So-and-So have left for Cannes; that the Duke and Duchess of Somewhere-Else have arrived at Monte Carlo; that San Remo is full to overflowing; that the King of Anywhere is shortly expected at Mentone.

There is no doubt, of course, that the great and the wealthy of this world flock to the Riviera from the middle of January until the first week in April. But—and this is rather a large interjection—the ordinary person does not realise at all how many other and very ordinary persons, who by some trick or other have got the knack of it, go to the Riviera too.

The newspapers that are full of the movements of those who are always *en plein air* do not chronicle the arrivals and departures of humbler folk at the innumerable pensions from Vintimiglia to Hyères. Only those who themselves have traversed the gaudy pleasure-strip of Europe in its high season, and who have not much money to spend, realise that it is possible to live in the very centre of the Riviera without enormous cost—though certainly without the possibility of much excitement beyond the joys of scenery and sunshine!

Yet nevertheless it is not the sunshine and scenery which attract most of these poorer pilgrims to the South. It is the possibility of changing a somewhat drab fortune into a splendid competence. It is, in short, the Casino at Monte Carlo which draws these anxious ones year by year to the shores of the Mediterranean.

Monte Carlo itself is an expensive place to live in, and though there are pensions there, many of them are dubious. It is in Nice that the fortune-hunters sleep, and it is from Nice that they take their daily train—generally the one-thirty, after lunch—to Prince Albert's naughty kingdom.

At the Pension Mimosa, in one of those broad byways which lead from the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, Major Marlowe had his bedroom, appeared generally at lunch, and sometimes at dinner. Major Marlowe was a tall, thin man, with a somewhat fixed expression in his eyes, a faded skin, and a charming, if somewhat nervous manner. He was always very well dressed. For several years he had come to the Pension Mimosa for the season.

He was a bachelor, with a nice little shooting-box near Aberdeen, and a sufficient income to enjoy a cycle of modest sport. From year to year the magnet of Monte Carlo drew him—second-class, of

course, and a half-crown supplement for first-class upon the boat—to the shores of Roulette and Trente-et-Quarante. He simply could not help it.

He had been an imaginative man from his youth—so imaginative, indeed, that during the Boer War he had performed an act of great bravery, because all the time he was performing it he was imagining the subsequent bestowal of the Victoria Cross, which in due course he received.

More particularly he was unable to disabuse himself of the idea that he was destined to win a fortune at the tables. He was not a particularly brave man, but he had won the Victoria Cross because his glimpse into the future was sufficiently powerful to prevent the horror of the present. And with the same sanguine temperament he went to the Casino day after day with a small capital and no courage at all.

The result was that Major Marlowe always came back to the Pension Mimosa at Nice, and when the ingratiating spinsters

inquired, "What have you done today, Major?" he generally answered them with a gloomy shake of the head.

After two seasons of this sort of thing Major Marlowe became bitten with the tarantula of systems. Hated them all. He read Sir Hiram Maxim's book; he read everybody else's book: and an orgy of scientific punting

with five-franc pieces produced nothing but disappointment.

He was, however, something of a mathematician—indeed, he had been in the Engineers—and warned by disappointment and animated by an unconquerable hope, he began to evolve systems for himself. He began to play them.

Sometimes Major Marlowe did rather well with the small stakes that he was able to afford. But it always happened that a run of luck was interrupted by the fact that he lost courage in thinking of his weekly bill at the pension, or that a run of bad luck could not be stemmed from want of capital.

It therefore occurred to him that Capital was the great thing, just at the moment when he had evolved a simply perfect system. You could not lose—and he worked it out with all the plausibility of figures—provided only you had at least a hundred and twenty louis for the séance.

For himself, he said to his fellow-guests at the Villa Mimosa, he needed money—he was unable to venture more than a quarter of the necessary sum. But—and this was his constant hope and suggestion—if only two or three of the ladies and gentlemen would combine to put up the necessary capital, he would be delighted to play the system for them and as a partner in the syndicate, and to bring them back, if not bags of gold, yet crackling notes of the Republic.

But no one bit.

Week by week Major Marlowe saw the season growing to an end, and no one bit. He was perfectly sincere; he really believed in

[Continued overleaf.]



A sallow, somewhat shabbily dressed man in black clothes had slipped upon three or four grains of the corn, and lay at length upon the pavement.

INN AND OUT.



THE PARSON: Ah, Pat, wasting your money in there again! You ought to put by for a rainy day.

PAT: Sure, thin, Oi'd never spend ut at all at all. It's laid up wid rheumatism Oi am when the weather's wet, an' can't go out o' the house.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

the infallible system, but—there was nobody else who did, and he writhed and raved every night when he got into his little bed-room on the north side of the house to think that a fortune for himself and other people was going begging, owing to the inertia and stupidity of fools.

It was at this time that Mr. Groutling arrived at the Pension.

Mr. Groutling was a little, fat man who had added side-whiskers to his self-esteem, and made a sufficiently unpleasant object of them both. He did not explain where he had made his money, but it was quite obvious that he had some.

Each night Mr. Groutling drank champagne at dinner, and when the toy roulette-wheel was brought out in the drawing-room and all the old maiden ladies adventured their sous, he would put a half-franc upon an even chance with a lordly manner which admitted of no dispute.

Major Marlowe, who did not stay in the Pension Mimosa because he liked it or its inhabitants, and who was really a man of some family, nevertheless endured the confidences and familiarities of Mr. Groutling with a suave smile.

It was obvious that Mr. Groutling was possessed of cash. It was obvious, therefore, that if Mr. Groutling could be convinced of the infallibility of the system of Major Marlowe, Major Marlowe—and, incidentally, Mr. Groutling—would reap an enormous harvest.

The thing was put to Mr. Groutling one night in the smoking-room. Columns of figures and the aid of a roulette-wheel were employed to demonstrate the truth.

Mr. Groutling, however, while listening with great interest, puffed his cigar and made no offer to participate in the glorious opportunity provided by his military friend.

"I don't care," said Mr. Groutling, "for any of these 'ere gambling games, unless, of course, I am bed-rock certain of making a bit over what I puts on. Of course, Major Marlowe, if you could show me that it er'd be orl right, in an actual demonstration like, I'd be with you all the time. Has it his, Major Marlowe, your figures are very convincing, but I'd like to see the thing done furst, even in a small way. Then I'd join you and put in what you liked."

They were in the shabby little smoking-room of the Mimosa. The spinsters and the rest of the guests were playing bridge for coffee-beans—ten a penny—in the drawing-room.

The Major and Mr. Groutling were alone. The Major made an heroic resolution. "Mr. Groutling," he said, "if you will come with me to-morrow by the one-thirty to Monte Carlo, by two o'clock we shall be in the rooms, and I will show you in a small way the beauty and certainty of my system."

It was three o'clock on the afternoon of the next day. Mr. Groutling, short, pursy, and plebeian, sat at the corner of the Café de Paris with Major Marlowe—tall, lean, and well-dressed. In front stretched the white façade of that marvellous Palace which everybody calls the Hell of Europe, and to which everybody goes when the slightest opportunity of doing so presents itself. The flowers, arranged in their marvellous parterres, reminded one of windows of stained glass. The pigeons cooed upon the white road. Uniformed officials stood about. Great motor-cars, full of celebrated men and over-dressed ladies, went humming up to the steps of the *Cercle des Étrangers*. In short, Mr. Groutling sat watching, for the first time in his life, what is certainly, at that time of the year, the gayest scene in the whole of the civilised world. Major Marlowe, meanwhile, was pumping in the value of his system at a gallon a stroke, and nervously fingering the three or four louis he had brought with him in order to demonstrate the truth.

"Now, I calls this reely 'andsome!" said Mr. Groutling. "'Allô! there's a Johnnie as 'as fell down an' 'urt 'imself!"

It was as Mr. Groutling had said. A sallow, somewhat shabbily dressed man in black clothes had slipped upon three or four grains of the corn that people throw down for the Casinopigeons, and lay at length upon the pavement.

The man rose, wringing his right wrist with his left hand as he did so, and his companion—a smartly dressed woman, obviously of the bourgeois class—took him by the arm and led him to an adjacent table of the Café in which Major Marlowe and Mr. Groutling were seated.

Now Major Marlowe knew this man. He was the chief

croupier at the right-hand table as you enter the rooms, and he generally spun the ball there about this time of the afternoon, though sometimes he was transferred to other tables.

Major Marlowe listened to the conversation which was going on behind him. What he gathered from it seemed to afford him some satisfaction, for a curiously alert look came into his tired eyes, and his ears even seemed to prick up like a horse's ears, to catch more of it.

Yet the conversation was quite simple. The croupier, who was due at his table in a quarter of an hour, was simply explaining to his wife that his wrist was strained, and that probably he would not be able to throw with his accustomed freedom.

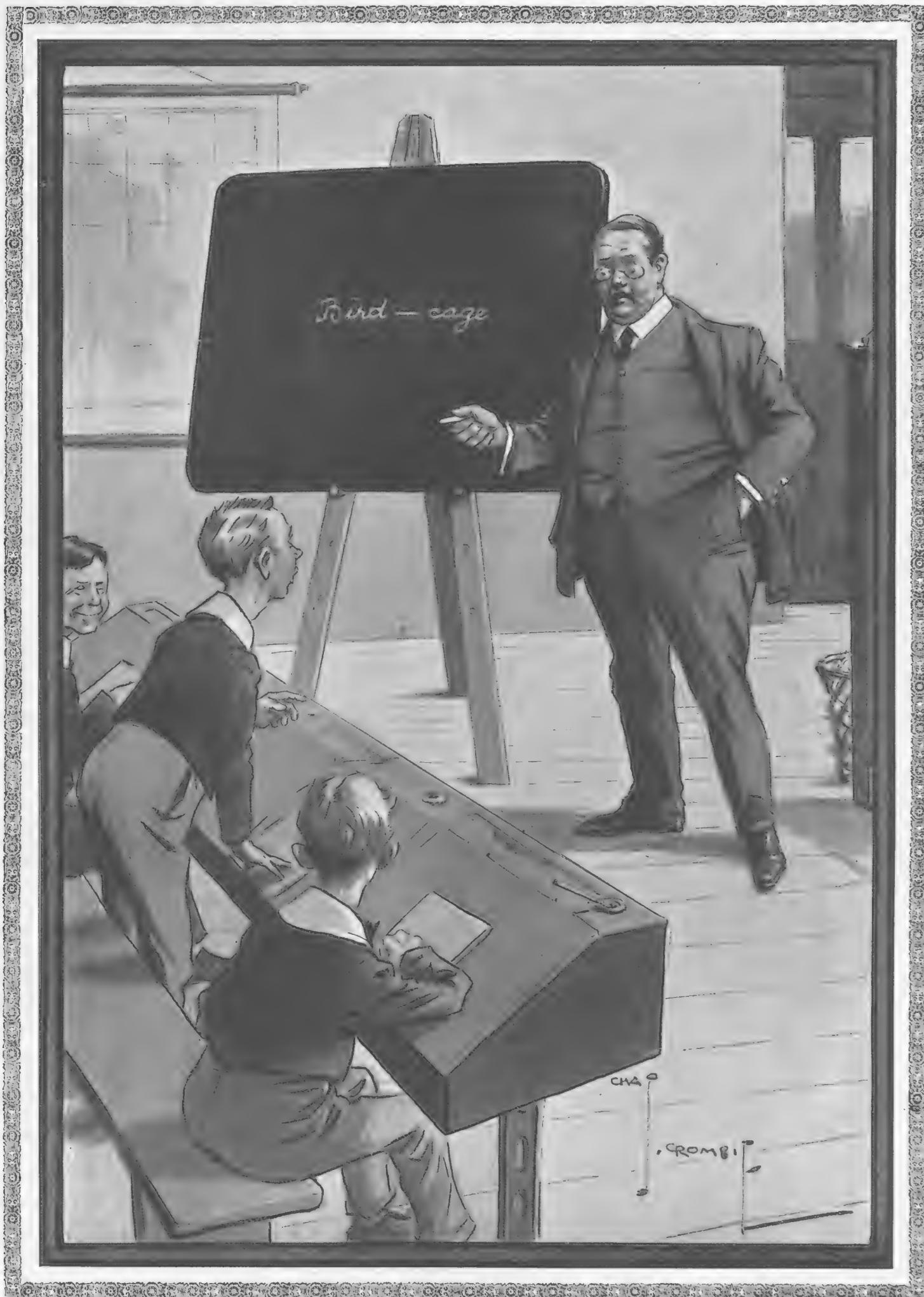
"I dare not," said the man, "ask for an indulgence this afternoon—the rooms are so full. *Tout le monde vient, car c'est l'occasion du grand prix du tir aux pigeons!* It might mean the loss of my situation. *Tiens, Marie! La possibilité d'être congédié! C'est une chose incroyable!*"

[Continued overleaf.]



Major Marlowe, without a word of explanation or farewell, strode out of the rooms.

HE FOUND IT MEANT "BIRCH," NOT "PERCH."



THE MASTER (*explaining the use of the hyphen*): I have written the compound word "bird-cage."

Now, Jones, what is the use of the bar in the middle?

THE BRIGHT BOY: Please, Sir, for the bird to sit on, Sir.

"*Tais-toi, Jules!*" said the wife of the croupier. "*Tout va bien!* *Courage!* *Tu resteras à table qu'une heure!*"

A few minutes after this, the seedy man left his wife and walked over to the Casino with brisk and purposeful steps.

By an odd coincidence, Major Marlowe drank up his *consommation*, took Mr. Groutling under the arm, and, with a great show of joviality, said, "Now, my friend, let us come and test my system." The two men entered the Casino together.

Major Marlowe, of course, had his monthly ticket, but it was necessary to take podgy Mr. Groutling into the bureau on the left-hand side of the hall, to explain him and acquire the ordinary *billet valable pour la journée*. When this was accomplished, and the bewildered little man had passed through the Atrium, had satisfied the black-coated Cerberus at the door, and finally emerged into the *Salle des Jeux*, Major Marlowe saw, with a curious and satisfied thrill, that the sallow-faced croupier who had fallen down in front of the *Café de Paris* was just relieving a colleague and mounting the chair in front of the wheel.

It was indeed the day of the *Grand Prix*, and it was just then the famous pigeon-shots of Europe were contesting for the enormous money-prize the authorities of the Casino give. As a result, the tables were not too crowded, and Major Marlowe was actually able to obtain a seat.

"Now, Groutling," he said to his little companion, "stand behind my chair and I will show you how my system works."

Mr. Groutling snorted. He was certainly rather impressed by his first view of the great gambling-rooms, but he still had the inherent distrust of the small commercial man who has made a fortune for the man above him in rank and who is nebulous as far as business possibilities go.

The croupier spun.

The little ball whirred round the groove of black ebony, faltered, fell, and tinkled on the star-steel diamonds, and finally fell into the slot.

"You 'aven't put anythink on," said Mr. Groutling to Major Marlowe.

"My system," returned the Major, "never begins until the first spin is over."

With that, greatly daring, he took a whole louis from his pocket and put it on thirteen.

Thirteen turned up.

Major Marlowe calmly raked in thirty-six times his original stake.

He then put two louis upon the transversal of 13-18, and when the ball had once more fallen into its socket, his wisdom was justified. He took up five times his bet.

For twenty minutes—and at Monte Carlo the roulette-wheel is spun at any table at least once a minute—Major Marlowe, carefully watching the croupier with the injured wrist, judiciously placed his stakes upon the *voisins* which he was more or less certain that the injured wrist would throw.

The results were extraordinary. Time after time the transversals came up, and the pressing crowd around the table began to try and break the Major's luck by betting with him against the bank. Ladies in breast-plates of real diamonds, and marvellous hats, their sporting gentlemen friends trying to conceal their avidity under an impassioned mask, all followed the luck of "the gentleman with a system."

They won. But the Major won far more. Now and then a fat, podgy hand grasped the gallant soldier's arm, and an excited voice breathed into his ear—"My boy, I am convinced. Bit of or right, this. Can't I come in now?" And at every request of the sort, the Major half-turned, and said—

"Be quiet, Groutling; this is only a mere experimental séance, just to show you that my system can never go wrong."

At the end of half an hour Major Marlowe rose from his seat, and there was the usual rush to secure it. He took Mr. Groutling by the arm and led him into the big salon at the side, where one has tea and other refreshments. They sat down

together, and the waiter brought them that concoction—so alien to the truth—which is known by the Riviera title, "Whisky eau-de-seltz."

Mr. Groutling's fat hands seemed even more swollen. The blue veins at his temples were painfully prominent. His little fat, dark eyes bulged out like black velvet.

"My dear Major," he said, "I never see anythink like it in my life! I am your man, and I'll put up a couple of thousand pounds as soon as you like."

Major Marlowe, with his pockets full of notes and louis, smiled slyly at his friend's eagerness.

"Did I not always tell you," he said, "that my system was a perfect one?—and yet, Mr. Groutling, did you not for many days doubt it, and cast aspersions upon it?"

"Swelp me!" said Mr. Groutling, "so I did. And I am blank sorry for it. Now I knows, Major, that you are a financial genius, and I shall be proud and 'appy if you will let me hin."

The little man was trembling with excitement. The long years of grubbing toil had never produced anything so speedy in results and so glorious in the vision of immediate cash.

"Major Marlowe," said Mr. Groutling, "I ham with you 'art and soul!"

Major Marlowe drank down his whisky-and-soda, and paused a little. His pockets were full of the money he had won—more than he had ever won with all his systems at Monte Carlo. There was a struggle in his soul.

Should he or should he not take on the little man and let him advance money for the system which he had not tried that afternoon?

Somehow or other, Major Marlowe did not quite believe in his system so much as he had done before.

The sudden winning chance, the sudden opportunity of seeing the croupier falling outside the Casino seemed to have altered all the Major's ideas.

"My dear Groutling," he said, "I do not really know whether I can let you in or not."

He rose from his seat.

"How far are you prepared to go?" he said. "Do you mean to bet now?"

"I have got three thousand francs in my pocket-book," said Mr. Groutling, "and if you like to put it on, Major, with your system, I shall be delighted for you to do so. We will go shares in the winnings."

The Major took the notes, walked out of the side room to the nearest table, and put the three thousand francs upon red—a pure even chance, though Mr. Groutling, in his ignorance of the same, thought it a calculated move.

There was a moment of suspense, and red turned up.

Major Marlowe handed four thousand five hundred francs to Mr. Groutling, put fifteen hundred in his own pocket, and without a word of explanation or farewell, strode out of the rooms, caught the next train back to Nice, packed up his box, and went home to his cottage at Aberdeen.

There is nobody more venomous in his philippics against gambling than Major Marlowe. He is a shining light of the Presbyterian conscience in his district, and many people have thought that the Major must have come into money because, instead of tilling and hoeing in his own small flower-garden, Sandy McPhearson has been engaged as a permanent gardener.

Perhaps, in his retirement Major Marlowe remembered his Voltaire—he certainly had reason to do so. . . .

"*Il faut que nous cultivions notre jardin!*"

The good man had always tried to do so according to his lights. But his plot had been barren of flowers until Chance stepped in as gardener. . . .

" . . . *Il faut que nous. . . .*"

THE END.



Sandy McPhearson has been engaged as a permanent gardener.

The Berry Beautiful.



GUARANTEED TO TAKE FIRST PRIZE AT ANY SHOW: "THE SKETCH" RASPBERRY—
H.C. (HIGHLY COMMENDED).

Setting by "The Sketch": photographs of the Misses Maie Ash, Jean Aylwin, Coralie Blythe, Rosalie Toller, Evie Greene, Maggie Jarvis, Madge Lessing, Ethel Oliver, Kitty Mason, Madge Vincent, Gertie Murray, Clara Evelyn, Tortola Valencia, Ethel Matthews, Olive May, Wynne Matthison, Ethel Warwick, Madge Crichton, and Nina Sevening by the Dover Street Studios.

PEN-AND-CAMERA EFFECTS.



ROSETTA.

Arrangement by "The Sketch"; photograph of Mlle. Arlette Dorgère by Reullinger.

PEN-AND-CAMERA EFFECTS.



PALMYRA.

Arrangement by "The Sketch"; photograph of Mlle. D'Orville by Reutlinger.

* * Light Effects. *



SUNLIGHT: "BON JOUR!"

Photograph of Miss Simeta Marsden by Ellis and Walery.

Light Effects.



FOOTLIGHTS: "AU REVOIR!"

Photograph by Reutlinger.

PRYINGS BY PAULINA—WE TRUST NOT INDISCREET.



A TRANSPARENT CONCEALMENT: THE BRITISH WORKMAN HARD AT WORK, AS USUAL.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph of Mr. Gus Elen, the famous coster comedian, by Sport and General.

PRYINGS BY PAULINA—WE TRUST NOT INDISCREET.



BEHIND THE BLIND: BEDTIME.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph of Miss Evie Greene by the Dover Street Studios.

A *Butterfly* with

BEAUTY NOT BORN FOR A DAY—NET RESULT

Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs of the Misses Hilda Hammerton, Zena Dare, Ruth Vincent, Louie Pounds, Marie George, Pauline Gladys Carrington, Doris Stocker, Gaby Deslys, Adrienne Augarde, Mabel Green, Gladys Cooper, Coralie Blythe, Gladys Archibutt, Kitty Lindley, Rhoda Ray, Margaret Leslie, Valli Valli.

Thirty-six Lives.



THE RAREST BUTTERFLY IN THE WORLD.

Line Chase, Margot Erskine, Dolly Dombey, Millie Legarde, Amy Webster, Phyllis Dare, Sylvia Storey, Souray, Mabel Love, Elsie Layvan, May de Sousa, Topsy Sinden, Lulu Louden, Barbara Roberts, Carrie Moore, Elizabeth Firth, Billie Burke, Gabrielle Ray, and Amy Webster by Bassano.

PRYINGS BY PAULINA—WE TRUST NOT INDISCREET.



THE TRANSPARENT SUNSHADE: AFTER THE SHOWER.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by Bassano.

"NOBODY ASKED YOU, MISS," HE SAID.



"I WONT COME OUT TILL YOU GO WAY."



Light Effects.



MOONLIGHT: THE PIXY.

Photograph by Kate Smith.



MOONLIGHT: THE PURITAN.

Photograph of Miss Gabrielle Ray by Foulsham and Banfield.

CAN YOU COUNT?



IF YOU CAN, HOW MANY CHILDREN ARE THERE IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH?

A month or so ago the "Strand Magazine" published an ingenious illusion. This we have imitated in the manner shown by means of photography. Apparently there are three children in the picture. Try the experiment of covering up first one part of the body, then another, and see how many children you can find. As we have said, we do not claim that this illusion is new, but it is certainly the first time it has been carried out by photography.

Arrangement by "The Sketch"; photograph by Bassano.

SHUT EYES THAT OPEN.



WORK FOR THE MUSCLES OF THE EYES: AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Look steadily at the photograph for some seconds, and the eyes of the sitter will seem to open. It is said that this illusion is caused by an alteration in the muscles of the eyes—therefore it should be good exercise for those muscles.

Arrangement by "The Sketch"; photograph of Miss Gladys Cooper by Bassano.

In Poppy Land.



"WHERE'ER YOU TREAD, THE BLUSHING FLOW'R SHALL RISE,
AND ALL THINGS FLOURISH WHEN YOU TURN YOUR EYES."

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph of Miss Florence Warde by the Dover Street Studios.

ON THE MIDDENDORF GLACIER

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY CYRUS CUNEO.

THE man for whom the world had long waited had arrived at last. After an absence of three years he had returned alone from Franz Josef Land to England. But the news of his achievement had preceded him, and the world stood ready to reward and honour the explorer who had forced his way to the uttermost limits of the Arctic Circle.

Already the name of Lieutenant Clifford Penross burned on that sharp pinnacle which Peary, McClintock, and Nansen had striven to attain. His victory over the great ice-barriers had been won at a terrible cost of life and suffering. Of the eighteen men who had accompanied him all had perished. It was to the captain of the whaling-ship *Cedric* that he owed his ultimate release from the ice-pack.

Six months after his departure from Pitzbergen, on his way North, another expedition, under the command of Markam Blane, started from Parry Islands with the intention of reaching the Pole. Blane was an American millionaire, with unlimited resources at his disposal. At McClintock Island he left his vessel, the *President*, in charge of his first officer, and pushed North, accompanied by eight men and sledges. After waiting for two years, the *President* returned to Alaska without Markam Blane. Thereafter his name was added to the long list of Arctic tragedies, and people wondered how men of his kind could be lured to death by the voices of the Polar sirens.

Penross's regret at the fate of the American expedition was evinced by his desire to visit Blane's relatives in New York, but since he could offer no hope against the immutable silence of the North, his visit was abandoned.

In England, honours fell thick upon Lieutenant Penross. Gifts from European and American scientific bodies poured in, and the explorer accepted them, not too eagerly, but as one who had attained the uttermost human goal.

A year after he arrived in England he received a letter from Maxim Blane, the only son of the missing American explorer. Penross, seated in his study, stared curiously at the boyish handwriting, the firm down-strokes denoting to him courage and determination.

The November afternoon had somehow chilled and depressed him, inured as he was to the Polar wind-sheds and bleak summits of the Northern glaciers. His mouth tightened a little as he put aside young Blane's letter; the thought of the boy's father buried in

some wind-swept moraine or snow-filled crevasse flashed sombrely across his mind.

Of late, Penross had often shown signs of impatience when scientists demanded so definitely the endless details and reiterated accounts of his successful dash for the Pole. Even the publication of his book, "The Conquered North," which explained the minutest proceedings in connection with the expedition, failed to quench their desire for more information.

Why had young Maxim Blane sent for him? The constant coupling of his name with that of the ill-fated American was beginning to annoy him. People—the kind who rarely looked at maps—were continually asking if he had met or crossed Markam Blane's party within the vicinity of the Polar Basin.

Placing the letter in his pocket, he rose from his desk, as though overcome by a strange desire to see and stand before the boy whose father had failed so tragically in his bid for immortality.

In the street he breathed a little freely, as he passed to a hansom standing at the corner of the road. He gave the driver young Blane's address, and sat back with the letter once more in his hand.

DEAR LIEUTENANT PENROSS,
—Would you care to dine with the son of an unfortunate Arctic explorer? I arrived in London only yesterday—
MAXIM BLANE.

Surely there was nothing in so brief a note to excite anger or annoyance. Yet Penross was annoyed; a look of sharp mistrust came into his eyes, as though some awkward, unforeseen inci-

dent were about to enter his life. The cab turned into a square lit at each end by an electric lamp. Alighting swiftly, Penross approached the entrance of a newly decorated mansion and touched the bell. A few moments later he was ushered into a reception-room which bore traces of the owner's exquisite taste.

Standing somewhat ill at ease, in the centre of the room, he found himself bowing slightly to a tall, athletic youngster in evening dress. Something throbbed in the throat of Lieutenant Penross as he glanced at the sunburnt young face.

For a period of six heart-beats the two men appeared to regard each other with the air of swordsmen at play. The young American was first to break the silence with a laugh.

"Lieutenant Penross," he said, in the slow, caressing voice of the Southerner, "I've waited nearly a year to meet you. Pray come into another room, and excuse my American manners."

[Continued overleaf.]



The man hunched his shoulders and crossed the room, until his flat face and deep-set eyes were close to the explorer's.

Penross drew a chair to the fire like one striving to feel at home. His young host settled near him, cigarette-case in hand.

"I'm keeping you from many pressing engagements, I feel sure, Lieutenant Penross. You see"—he lit a cigarette slowly, and his drawling words seemed to vibrate from his deep chest—"I know what these scientists are. One man used to come to my father and talk about open-water sky and the northern drift theory until we all felt cold."

His face was strikingly handsome, but in his eyes was a certain undefined look that bothered and perplexed the watchful explorer. The absence of servants, the strange silence of the big house, had a peculiar effect on his nerves; his hands sought the sides of his chair mechanically; he looked up once, but did not again meet Blane's luminous eyes.

"Of course, you've been hunted to death by those geographical people," continued the young American. "It's their business, I suppose, to fix up the new capes and landmarks. Funny how you should have done the thing so easily," he went on; "whipped the immortals so to speak, and landed yourself in the top hole of fame."

"It was one of the things I wanted to do, and I did it," answered Penross quietly.

"Still, one has to thank the ice and weather for a lot of things."

He almost glanced at Blane as he spoke, but somehow his eyes evaded the terrible meeting point.

On the wall in front was a framed map of the Arctic Circle. Glancing at it for the first time, the explorer's eyes followed a red line that zigzagged from Parry Islands across Greely's Ford and the western coast of Finland, continuing in an unbroken line to the Pole itself.

Young Blane followed his glance like one expecting comment from his visitor. "You know that route well enough, Lieutenant," he said, stooping nearer the map.

"Know it?" Penross shrugged his shoulders wearily. "It will haunt my dreams until I die."

"The memory of your journey across the last ice-field, I suppose."

"Over the last Polar depression within an inferno of rubble-ice," corrected the explorer. "No one could call it an ice-field; it resembled the floor of Tophet frozen hard."

"And the weather?"

"Clear and cold. My dogs knocked up at the foot of the last hummock that barred me from my goal. I abandoned them, and left the sledge under the lee of the barrier. I continued the journey over the accursed rubble-ice on foot."

"And you reached the Pole without your comrades or dogs? Was there no living thing accompanied you?"

"None."

A silence came between them that struck Penross as inhuman and brutal on the part of his young host. Blane sat still in his chair, watching the fire, as though his thoughts were among the Arctic floes and giant bergs that would hold his father for ever.

Rising slowly from his seat, he indicated with a pencil a certain point on the map where the red line ceased to zigzag and ran straight to the Pole.

"It was here you came upon my father," he said slowly. "The position is marked with a small cross, Lieutenant."

"Your father?" Penross stood up. His eyes blazed for a moment. "What do you mean? I did not meet your father."

Blane tapped the cross-marked space with his pencil insistently. "On the north-eastern limit of the Middendorff Glacier. Shall I tell you how you met him, Lieutenant? There is no mention of it in your book."

"Probably I passed your father unknowingly, as other explorers have done. One has no time to—"

"You did not pass him," interrupted the young American coldly. "You came upon him sick and ailing on his way to Archangel, after his successful expedition to the Pole."

For one moment the eyes of Penross slanted in Blane's direction; sweat stood in large drops on his forehead. He made no attempt to ward off the slow-spoken words that fell like blows upon his ears.

"From what I gather," continued Blane, "you acted swiftly and with decision, the moment my father confided to you the news of his achievement. You were still many hundreds of miles from your objective, and, to put it frankly, you were in a hopeless quandary, eight of your men down with scurvy; your provisions at low ebb; what chance had you of beating even Nansen's record? Yet before you, lying sick unto death, was a man who had completed the task which had baffled all human endeavour. Here was Markam Blane, accompanied by a few half-starved dogs, and deserted, to all appearance, by his followers. Yet packed on his sledge were the records of his terrible journey, the magnetic and meteorological observations, the geological specimens, and other scientific evidence of his journey to the Pole. You—"

"Stop!" Penross started forward, a fierce challenge in his eyes. "You are a gamester, Blane. You are playing for the great *coup* your father missed. You want to upset my claim to—to—"

"Be seated, Lieutenant." Blane spoke gently and without heat.

"The papers you presented to the Royal Geographical Society, on Polar Magnetic Currents, you stole from my father. The records and observations of his expedition you filched from a sledge while he was dying in his hut."

Penross sat still, his big chin thrust out as though listening to a voice calling across the Arctic wind-sheds. The light had gone from his eyes; a dead man could not have remained more passive and silent.

"You looted the sledge," continued the American with merciless reiteration, "belonging to the man who had forestalled you, the man who had wrested from the ice-bound solitudes what you and others had dreamed of winning. You looted his sledge and left him."

"It's a lie, you gamester!"

"And the papers you stole helped to perpetrate the greatest fraud of the twentieth century."

Penross looked up swiftly, a terrible look in his eyes. "If—if I drag you and your statement before the police," he said hoarsely, "I might give myself another advertisement. You speak of things which happened within the Arctic Circle," he said with gathering assurance, "as if the Scotland Yard officials might run up in a motor-car and collect the evidence of my alleged crime."

He took a cigarette from his case and lit it carelessly. "Your accusation is so obviously malicious, Blane," he went on, "that I feel inclined to ignore it altogether—unless you can bring the North Pole into the witness-box," he added with a sneer.

Maxim Blane stepped to the door softly. "Varlt," he cried, "come here."

A heavy-shouldered, dwarf-like man entered the room and stood half-crouching in the doorway, his narrow, quick-shifting eyes fixed on Penross.

"Varlt," said Blane, addressing him gently, "look!"

The man hunched his shoulders and crossed the room, until his flat face and deep-set eyes were close to the explorer's. "Augh esthom," he said thickly, and his great head nodded twice.

"That man is an Eskimo," snapped Penross. "I do not know him."

"He remembers you, Lieutenant." Blane returned to the fireplace and stood opposite Penross. "He was a sledge-driver attached to the American expedition, and was following my father, according to instructions, when he observed you from afar."

"Your father vera seek," grunted the Eskimo. "I see thees

[Continued overleaf.]



The explorer's fists remained clenched between his knees. He did not look up as the Eskimo receded from the room.

MEXICO, LONDON, S.E.



MEXICO AT SYDENHAM: IN THE MEXICAN VILLAGE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A Mexican village is now one of the attractions at the Crystal Palace, and within a comparatively small space the Londoner is able to get quite a good idea of a corner of the Republic. In the centre of the village is a reproduction of the market-place of Tehuantepec, and elsewhere there is a copy of the Cathedral of Mexico City.

Photograph by Russell.

man take away tings from de sledge." He pointed a thick forefinger at Penross, and his black teeth showed through his cracked lips. "Heem take away eferyting. Augh!"

Penross suppressed an oath as he turned again to Blane. "What do you want?" he demanded huskily. "A police-court inquiry? Your father's claim upheld upon the word of an Eskimo?"

"There were two other witnesses, Penross. And Varlt here persuaded them to preserve the looted sledge, and one or two trifles you overlooked. The evidence came to me unsolicited, and by devious ways."

"This—this man tracked and followed me to Archangel"—Penross glared at the Eskimo, his fists clenched at his sides—"across snow-fields and ice-hummocks, to tell his story and draw money from you. How many people will believe him, Maxim Blane?"

The Eskimo craned forward as though about to speak, thrusting his hand inside his rough garments, he drew out the tiny photograph of a young girl and held it to the light. "Thees we found, when you ran away from the seek man. Augh! En we found the coat you wear, en the wolfskin glove. Juk en Isob, my brothers, see you go to Markam

Blane en
hees hut. I
spik truth."

Penross retreated to his chair as though it were a haven of refuge from the Eskimo's terrible grimace. His eyes grew nimble as pointed steel for a moment, until despair sprang from their depths, leaving him dull and shivering by Blane's fire-side.

"You have kept the affair quiet," he said brokenly. "Why?"

"I have not helped nor suppressed the story," was the answer. "It came unsolicited, and, like the Niagara, it will thunder on its way, once caught in the journalistic rapids."

The explorer's fists remained clenched between his knees. He did not look up as the Eskimo receded from the room. In a lethargic way he was aware that Blane had taken the photograph from the man's hand, and placed it somewhat reverently on the table at his elbow.

Penross stared at the girl's face like one newly awakened from a long Arctic sleep, and put it aside. But in his mind was another picture that could not be pushed away—the picture of the Middendorf Glacier growing livid in the Arctic twilight. He saw the lonely hut standing on the edge of a sullen moraine, the pack of yelping Ostiak dogs huddled within, snarling and showing their wolf-like fangs as he entered. Through the smoke of the interior he saw the figure of a white-haired man lying on the ground. . . . Curse those dogs! how they had leaped and snatched at his throat until he bludgeoned their leader into silence. And the sick man lying on the ground had watched him, voicelessly and without protest, until his hands fell upon the leather case which held the journal and scientific papers belonging to the American expedition. The man's cry of agony reached him even now across the illimitable ice-fields.

There was no speech in Penross as he recalled his brief farewell nod to the dying explorer he had met and deserted so swiftly. His tongue grew dry until it clung to the roof of his mouth.

Blane watched, and his wrath died out at the sight of the half-crouching figure in the chair. He stooped, touched the bent shoulder, but the face did not look up; the hands were still clenched between the tight-drawn knees.

"Penross," he began gently, "I am not judging you without having looked into your past. I know what the expedition meant to you. All your life you dreamed of that lone region, where the White Siren sits holding forth her crown of everlasting fame. All your life you dreamed of her, Penross, just as my father had done. From boyhood you starved and suffered so that you might buy books and train your body for its fight with the merciless North. Inch by inch you won your way into the schools of Polar research, until your name held good among navigators and scientists. Your chance came at last, and you seized it with both hands: only once did you look back, but the sweet-faced girl in the picture nodded to you, and waited through the years of your absence. Penross, are you listening?"

There was no answer.

"Your ship went North, and your heart was full of lion-courage until the giant bergs flung you back and broke it. Then chance lent

a hand, and threw you in the way of my father. He was beyond hope, perhaps; but the achievement was his, and you stole it, Penross; you took what you needed and ran away. But you had not reckoned on the flat-browed little people of the North. They followed you, unerring as dogs; they belled the story of your theft from cape to cape, from fiord to fiord, until the lonely fur-traders picked it up and passed it south to me."

Blane stepped to the window as he finished speaking, and glanced into the square below.

The voice of a newsboy had reached him, screaming its latest horror in evening journalism. It passed swiftly; another followed, until the square seemed alive with shouting newsboys.

Penross raised his head with the jerk of a lashed steer. Then he seemed to crawl to the window, his livid face pressed to the pane.

"What was that? What are they saying?" he said hoarsely.

Another voice reached them, high-pitched and clearer than the others—

"Terrible story of the Arctic regions! Fate of Markam Blane revealed! Explorer left to die! Special edition!"

"The American people have cabled the news"—Blane spoke without a trace of emotion in his voice—"now for the deluge."

Penross drew himself together stiffly, like one who had slipped and fallen from a great height. Half-way across the room, he turned as though his breath had failed. "May I go?" he asked.

Blane nodded, with his face still at the window. "You'll have to face the music. Good-bye."

The door closed softly. He listened to Penross's footsteps descending the stairs, until they passed into the square. Flinging himself on the couch, he covered his face with both hands.

The Eskimo, waiting in the next room, wondered at the sound of the sobbing voice.

THE END.



And the sick man lying on the ground had watched him, voicelessly and without protest, until his hands fell upon the leather case.

The Derby Dog Has His Day.



IV.—PERRIER, THE DERBY DOG, LUNCHES—FREELY.

DRAWN BY VERNON STOKES AND ALAN WRIGHT.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

NOVELISTS, whose novels are boldly advertised, do not always make the fortunes some of their friends suppose. A publisher may even spend a handsome sum in campaigning a book because he has paid the author very little; and it does not follow because it is announced as the "success of the season" and in its third edition that the author is motoring in Sussex or even hailing in London anything more exclusive than "the cheap, but convenient omnibus." That is what it is called by Disraeli, who should, of course, have written, "cheap and convenient." Nobody should decry a thing because it is cheap—unless, indeed, it be the six-shilling novel. For it is the abolition of the old three-volume issue at 31s. 6d. that has impoverished that most benignant being, the modern writer of fiction.

For a perfectly trashy book, published under these conditions in the last century, an author often received a truly noble recompense. There was that £400, for instance, which Bull was willing to pay down to Lady Bulwer Lytton, with another £400 to follow when 1250 copies had been disposed of. And her Ladyship called that "a beggarly offer," and accused Bull of only wanting "to get his money back." Mrs. Trollope, who had negotiated the matter, was rather nettled by these complaints, and Thomas Adolphus Trollope wrote, on his mother's behalf, to say that £400 down was not beggarly, and that of course the publisher wanted to get his money back. Well, £400 down would be thought a mighty good instalment nowadays by many a writer of far higher ability than Lady Bulwer Lytton could boast. There is one lady whose novels are widely read who gets £100 down on account of royalties on her first 2000 copies, and the publisher who gives it is one of the most liberal in the business. And the book has to get into its fifth edition (each edition consisting of 500 copies) before she draws another penny.

Mr. Meredith has not, I think, published any story except "The Amazing Marriage"—and that was in two volumes—since the three volumes went the way of the "three-decker." But if he should ever complete another story, I hope he will not fall into the fashion that has put all fiction-publishing into sixes and sevens—at any rate, into sixes. He appeals to an audience fit though few—an audience that is willing to yield him a royalty of more than a shilling on each copy sold. In the case of a copy that has twenty-four readers, each reader under this arrangement pays one halfpenny to the Master for his masterpiece! The situation is frankly absurd; and now that the *Times* is about to cease to sow discord between the publishers and the public, it ought to be easy to establish a jaster relation between readers, who have consciences and pences,

and the writers who contribute so enormously to the enjoyment of their lives. If Mr. Meredith is out of the question, let some other old favourite revert to the three volumes. Lady Ritchie (Miss Anne Thackeray), for instance, is finishing a story which I personally shall think it rather a mean transaction to acquire for 6s. If it is said that people will not buy a book or anything nowadays unless it is labelled a "bargain," even so, the old price is not without its attraction. A penny saved is a penny gained: and you save in discount on a 31s. 6d. book something over the tempting sum of 7s. 6d.

Mr. S. C. Cockerell, who has arranged and catalogued the exhibition of illuminated manuscripts at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, does not exaggerate when he says that never before in a single room has the art of illumination been so fully represented. It is a small room, but queens' gardens and kings' treasures are compressed within its narrow walls. Not even the British Museum can exhibit manuscripts so fully illustrative of the exquisite art at the zenith of its practice. The manuscripts shown cover a period of six centuries; and those that are grandest in imaginative and decorative qualities come to us from the borders of what are called the dark ages. A thousand years ago, there were men in England combining the poetic imagination of Blake, an executive power greater than Beardsley's or Utamaro's, and a colour-sense that might well awaken shame for modern progress even in the stolid breast of a twentieth-century Academician.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, on the one hand, representing the modern institutions; and the University libraries, on the other,



P.C. XI: Get his number?

P.C. XII (who has been standing on his head through some fault of his own): No, consider it: I'd give a week's pay to know whether that car was M 88 or 98 W.

DRAWN BY J. MACMILLAN.

representing the old, are among those who make loans to the Burlington Fine Arts Club; and Mr. Cockerell himself lends from an exquisitely chosen collection, for he has been schooled in a good school of books. He was the friend of Ruskin and of William Morris, and acted for a considerable time as secretary to the Kelmscott Press. But he is too good a book-lover not to have one considerable grievance against Ruskin the vandal, although for Ruskin, greatest of modern critics of art and life, he has a proper admiration. It was Ruskin's habit to write foot or marginal notes on the manuscripts in his possession, and although he wrote as neatly as he knew how, his sin is as great in many eyes as it would be in a painter's had he added his own brush-strokes to a portrait by Velasquez. Mr. Moberly Bell, I hear, has examined the exhibition—hardly, it can be supposed, to study ways and means of cheapening books. The contents of the little room in Savile Row are incalculably valuable.

Mr. S. C. Cockerell goes to Cambridge at once as Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum.

M. E.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Caught by the Guillotine.

Thousands of our French visitors will, no doubt, go to Mme. Tussaud's during their stay in town, so it would be well if they heard, and took warning from, the adventure of one of their countrymen who preceded them in an earlier year. Seeing the coast clear in the Chamber of Horrors, he acted upon a desire to lay his head where the fair neck of Marie Antoinette had lain. He popped into position, pulled the necessary lever, and the collar was closed and the spring fixed. Alas! having closed the spring, he could not reopen it: and he dared not experiment lest a touch in the wrong place should bring the fatal axe down upon him. Unable to speak English, he cried lustily in French for assistance. Visitors and attendants flocked to the spot. A ready-witted man on the spot was not slow to seize the opportunity. He extemporised the neatest little lecture on the guillotine, with the imprisoned victim there, writhing and protesting, to give point to the story. The crowd was delighted, not understanding the predicament of the prisoner, but the curses which the victim pronounced upon that exhibition must have made the very waxworks turn grey with apprehension.

Queen Victoria's French Crown. The suggestion that a statue of Queen Victoria shall be erected in France recalls the fact that her late Majesty has already been represented there in effigy. When President Loubet was visiting Tunis, he had to receive an address of welcome in a hall where, to the horror of the local dignitaries, it was discovered, almost at the eleventh hour, that there was no carved or painted representation of the Genius of the Republic. Determined to rectify the omission before the President arrived, someone wired for a statue of Marianne, as the Phrygian-capped lady is affectionately termed. The consignment arrived in time, but, to everybody's amazement, the case contained a bust of Queen Victoria wearing her crown. They could not display the crown before the President; they could not wholly dispense with the statuette. Not to be deprived of their figure, they fashioned a Phrygian cap of paper, placed this over the offending emblem of royalty, then exalted the bust on high, that the eye of the President might note it and approve. The approval was duly forthcoming, and no one not in the secret detected the fraud.

Noah's Gopher-wood Wife.

The rather formidable programme of the Pan-Anglican Congress, of which the papers give us details, brings to mind the nightmare which Lord Randolph Churchill endured when he once prepared a programme. It was not only a programme that he prepared, but his speeches as well, and these he sent to the

papers in advance. And then there was with him the agonising fear that the wrong speech might be printed—that the second or third might appear in place of the first. The disadvantage of too much knowledge in advance in his auditors was experienced, too, by that University preacher of whom we have all read. Knowing the lesson which he would read, irreverent undergraduates pasted

together the pages of the Bible which he would open. The result was that he read aloud: "When Noah was an hundred-and-twenty years old he took unto himself a wife who was"—and here he turned over—"one-hundred-and-forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher-wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." Naturally, the dear old gentleman was puzzled. "This is the first time I have noticed this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence that we are fearfully and wonderfully made," was his mild comment.



THE ONLY STAMP OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

The stamp was designed and sold by a Mr. Popper, who sought to establish a mail service between Ushuaia and Punta Arenas. He succeeded in sending one bag of mails; then the Argentine authorities stopped the enterprise. This was in 1891.

Reproduced from "The Stamp Lover," by courtesy of the Editor.

Lord Rayleigh and the other distinguished men who go to Cambridge to-day to receive degrees know by this time that tricks are to be expected where two or three undergraduates are gathered together. They are not likely to be alarmed, as was the old Tory squire who, taking his son to be educated at Oxford, where for generations his ancestors had gone, heard, to his horror, that the college which he had intended to favour had become very Radical. Determining to interview two of the students, he invited an expression of their political views. "Oh," they said, "we have greatly moderated our views. We are not now extreme; we shall be contented simply with the disestablishment of the Church and the abolition of the Throne." The squire gathered his mantle about himself and son and fled, leaving the jesters, who happened to be Henry Fawcett and Leslie Stephen, exploding with merriment. But chivalry is not dead any more than practical joking. When the Queen went with the Prince Consort to Cambridge, and the undergraduates waited for her in the courtyard, she looked a little disconcerted at the wet pavement. Instantly a young man threw off his cloak, and over this

she walked into the college. The hero was young Waddington, who was to become French Ambassador to his native land.

A Warm Customer. Newfoundland's defunct railway king seems to have been the hero of some rather pretty adventures in the industrial development of our oldest Colony. If he said he would do a thing, he did it, no matter what the redemption of the pledge might cost him. But then he was wiser in his selection of pledges than a man contemporary with him in the States. This gentleman undertook to bridge a rapid which had defeated builder after builder. The committee who had the matter in hand called him before them, and he, being asked if he thought he really could build the bridge, gave an unnecessarily comprehensive pledge.

"I could build a bridge to the infernal regions if necessary," he said. Whether



THE HOMES OF THOUSANDS OF CHICKENS: A GREAT MOUND OF EGG-SHELLS FROM AN INCUBATOR.

The photograph was taken at Petaluma, California, where the hatching of chickens in incubators is an important industry. The largest plant in the city can turn out 100,000 young chickens every three weeks.

it was to go there or come back did not appear, but a committee-man who knew him backed up his application, vowing that what he said he could do, do he could and would. There happened to be a sober-minded chapel elder on the board. "It may be true that your friend could build a bridge having the destination he named, but I should doubt the stability of the abutment on the infernal side," he said.



THE TITLED NIECE OF THE AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS": LADY TIVERTON.

Lady Tiverton, to whom a son has been born, was married last August. Before her marriage she was Miss Esmé Wallace. She is a daughter of Lady Duff Gordon, and niece of Mrs. Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks."

Photograph by Thomson.

little known in this country, are among the most noteworthy of future Sovereigns. Though they are this year celebrating the fortieth anniversary of their marriage, it has been their fate ever to be more or less in a state of tutelage to that wonderful old man, Regent Prince Luitpold, now in his eighty-seventh year, who has governed Bavaria for his cousin, the gifted yet mad King Otto. Prince Ludwig is a very distinguished man, a fine soldier, and a scholar too. The Princess, who is the mother of many children, is the ideal German *haus-frau*, and makes Munich a very pleasant place to British residents.

A Noteworthy Prince and Princess Ludwig of Royal Pair.



A ROYAL DARBY AND JOAN: PRINCE AND PRINCESS LUDWIG OF BAVARIA.

Photograph by Dittmar.

A Royal Welsh North Wales is looking forward to Resident.

Princess among its residents, for Princess Eulalie of Spain, the youthful-looking aunt of King Alfonso, has taken Aberglaslyn Hall on a long lease, and intends to spend each summer there. Her Royal Highness played a very great part in bringing about the Anglo-Spanish alliance; she is passionately fond of the United Kingdom, and her two sons were educated at Beaumont, the Roman Catholic Eton.

British Adviser to the Brother of the Sun!

Government is an amazing sign of the times, and of interest to all those who have dwelt in the Far East. Sir Walter is as much at home in China as in England. He is a powerful, sturdy-looking man, just on

THE JOLLIEST BABY IN BADEN": PRINCE BERTHOLD FRIEDRICH OF BADEN.

The little Prince is the second child of Prince Maximilian and Princess Marie Louise, Princess of Great Britain. He celebrated his second birthday last February, and is popularly known as "the jolliest baby in Baden."



A SCOT week always brings in its train the most brilliant of royal gatherings at Windsor Castle, and the famous "town on the hill" is now en fête, basking in the royal sunshine. This year the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales—who were abroad during last Ascot week—adds yet another touch of brightness, for their small house-party at Frogmore is composed of more youthful and informal elements than that larger and more imposing circle at the Castle.

the right side of sixty, and was in early youth one of Parkes' trusted lieutenants. From that standpoint his being offered this post is surely one of life's greatest ironies.

A Great-Nephew Prince Nicholas of Roumania, who

will soon be celebrating his fifth birthday, is one of the prettiest and most sturdy of little royalties. Through his lovely mother, once known to us as Princess Marie of Edinburgh, he is closely related to the Russian Imperial family, hence his Christian name of Nicholas, one that is very seldom met with in royal circles outside Russia. Prince Nicholas, who is the youngest child of his parents, has already been to England, for the Crown Princess of Roumania is fond of bringing her children to spend a quiet month's holiday at one of our pretty un-fashionable seaside towns.

Mysteries Mysterious have belonged to Paris since and before the day when Eugène Sue wrote upon them. And mystery they have had galore in La Ville Lumière of late. There was the mystery of the Zola translation and the mystery of



STILL ANOTHER ROYAL PLAYWRIGHT: THE COUNT OF TURIN.

It is announced in Rome that the Count of Turin, cousin of the King of Italy, has written a play dealing with modern Society life in his own country. It may be remembered that it was once said that the Count was to be engaged to Princess Patricia of Connaught.



A GREAT-NEPHEW OF THE KING: PRINCE NICHOLAS OF ROUMANIA.

Photograph by Maudy.

the Dreyfus shooting. Why was the moment chosen to revive the Affaire, and why, oh why, did the shooting occur to save so opportunely grave trouble in the street by distracting the attention of the public? Agitation died away when the shots rang out in the Panthéon. Again, a painter's house was burgled, and the inmates done to death. Two were taken and one was left, and it was suggested that the one left possessed the most compromising secrets that ever scandalised a public. What did the burgling and the killing mean, then? Simply a police dodge, according to the ingenious, of securing secret papers which might play the dickens with high reputations. *Allons donc!* Dreyfus shot by order of the police, and a house burgled to safeguard a great personage from blackmail! Evidently there is no lack of midsummer madness and imagination on the Paris Boulevards.

THE STRAIGHT ROAD TO COGNAC— AND THE MAZE.

If you merely order a "bottle of Brandy" without troubling yourself about a guarantee you may get to Cognac just as the man may get to the centre of this maze without losing his way.

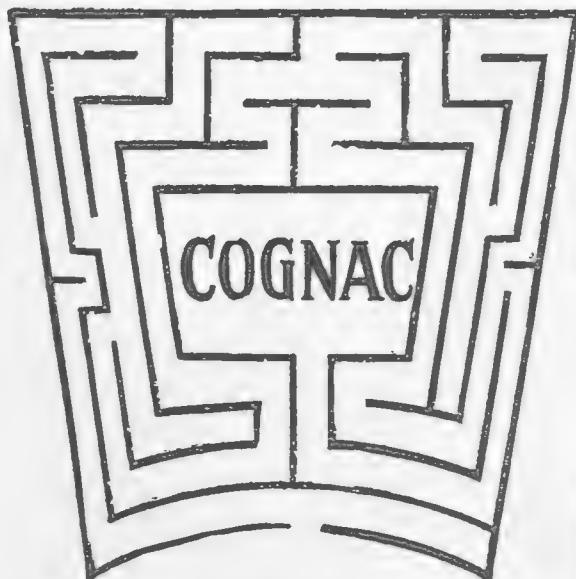
But if you want to be sure of buying pure genuine Brandy of the highest character, you have only to remember that

HENNESSY
LEADS STRAIGHT ➔
as an arrow to the heart of Brandy-land.

There is no Brandy soil like the Cognac soil. It gives marvellous vitality to the vine, a vitality you find again in Hennessy's Brandy. And the virtues of the grape are intact in Hennessy; no charm of flavour, no delicate fragrance is obscured, no invigorating element is missing. It is bottled and sealed in Cognac in the land where the vines grow, and it brings you all the sunshine of the vineyards.

If you want a splendid old liqueur, buy Hennessy's Three Star, price about 6/-. If you want a delightful refreshing Brandy and Soda, buy Hennessy's One Star, price about 5/6. Never order "a bottle of Brandy," but secure the Brandy which is protected for you, and say

HENNESSY PLEASE.



A GREAT INSTITUTION.

THE calm superiority at one time assumed by the Stock Exchange speculator towards those taking an intelligent interest in matters connected with the national sport of racing was as absurd as it was quite unjustifiable, and the gentlemen of Throgmorton Street have long ago realised that they have to deal with a very powerful competition in the turf.

The change in public opinion that has taken place in regard to racing matters generally, even within the last few years, is remarkable, and the great institution of Mr. D. M. Gant has had much to do with this change of opinion, owing to the straightforward policy at all times pursued, and the generous and up-to-date methods adopted.

Hitherto, unless a man actually visited the race meetings, he had no opportunity of making investments with any sense of security; but Mr. D. M. Gant, of 25, Conduit Street, London, W., has done much to alter this state of affairs, and is chiefly responsible for the present enlightened and fair methods of business. It may here be stated that Mr.

Gant is the only member of his profession ever singled out for inclusion in the gallery of celebrities represented by the famous "Vanity Fair" cartoons, and accordingly proves his right to the title of "London's Premier Turf Accountant."

But the honour conveyed by the fact of his cartoon being published is only a sign of the respect in which Mr. Gant is held. It is no mean compliment to be recognised as a leader in the business world, and this cartoon is merely a

public expression of the thoughts in the minds of all sportsmen.

Years ago, Mr. Gant recognised that strong and determined methods were required to lift the business of turf accountancy into its proper sphere in commercial life. To make his ideal an accomplished fact has required years of hard work, considerable reform, even in the face of strong opposition, and the installation of new and better systems of business. Every influence that could be brought to bear, Mr. Gant has used to improve his own concern and the status of turf accountancy in general. He has striven hard, and he has succeeded in no mean degree. Among the important factors revealed by Mr. Gant, are the fact that it is possible for even a tyro in racing matters to have successful turf transactions with a small and limited capital, and that money can be won and is paid without extortionate commission deductions. Mr. Gant is an Investment Broker, with a status equal to that of the pillars of any Stock Exchange, and therefore, sportsmen who take a live interest in racing and who desire that their business shall be placed in safe hands and their affairs treated confidentially, can have no hesitation whatever in dealing with him.

Even to those who regularly visit racecourses, the facility with which starting-price business can be carried on is most astonishing. Instead of bargaining for odds from the rails of the club enclosure or having to carry money to "put on" with someone to whom the customer is unknown, the whole can be concentrated and "placed" with one



No. 25, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.



GREEN RECEPTION ROOM AT CONDUIT STREET.



MANAGER'S OFFICE.

firm, and this is where Mr. D. M. Gant's service is of particular interest. All that intending clients require to do is to write for full particulars of Mr. Gant's terms and conditions, and at the same time to produce evidence of their bona-fides. For many reasons business men may desire that their turf transactions shall be conducted with the strictest privacy, and in this case a *nom de plume* can be adopted.

There is a peculiar prejudice in this country against the receiving of cheques from a firm connected with racing. The reason of this need not be analysed here, but the drawer of many hundred cheques per week is



TELEPHONE ROOM.

leading daily journals of London and the provinces. The running of horses, the latest arrivals, tips, etc., are given in tabulated form, and discussions and notes on future events are lucidly set out. The experts on the various papers are ever on their mettle to give best news, as the credit of these writers is at stake. So great a reputation have certain of these newspaper correspondents attained, that their *noms de plume* have become household words.

It is really surprising the number of men who depend largely for their sources of revenue on the speculation of racing events. Although owners and others are forced to pay large sums to maintain racing stables, and contribute vast amounts towards the funds of many racecourses, profits are not "clipped" to the same extent between backer and layer.

Backers as a rule can make good profit if they will intelligently follow the advice of experts; but it is a golden rule never to speculate beyond one's means.

It must not be supposed that such a



GENERAL OFFICE.

alive to this somewhat astonishing fact; consequently the cheques for winning accounts are signed in a name that bears no trace of the name of Mr. D. M. Gant, as he always pays his cheques under an adopted name. The result is, a man may pay £500 into his bank and retain his reputation for being commonplace. This is truly a droll characteristic of insular and hereditary prejudice. However, be it said that from the client's point of view it has the additional advantage that it is not necessary to let clerks or secretaries know all one's sources of legitimate benefits, or there might be prying into one's turf transactions in the hope of following suit.

In these days of keen newspaper competition there is no lack of accurate sporting news or forecasts, as the majority of the more important daily papers supply the best of information for the guidance of novices. Years ago this had to be purchased from special touts or correspondents at various training centres, but accurate information and forecasts appear in the columns of all the

business as is conducted by Mr. D. M. Gant, is run as a benevolent institution for needy punters, but the profits are really derived from the brokerage on large turnover, and not on the large profits made from any one client. It is turnover alone that brings Mr. Gant's profits. He cannot afford to make bad bets, and it speaks volumes for the code of honour that attaches to turf transactions that the head of the "Institution" in Conduit Street believes thoroughly in those he does business with. It would not do for him to sit in judgment from Monday to Saturday on the stability of the possessors of his book of rules. His business life would not be worth living; and Mr. Gant likes comfort in his surroundings and luxury in his retrospection. He treats his clients properly and is equally confident of those he deals with. To have a credit account with Mr. D. M. Gant is a first-class "reference"—nine out of ten racing men would require no other.

The attraction of "no limit" can best be described in the words of a well-known writer on turf topics. He says, "As long as there may be the chance of backing a horse at John M.P. odds—100 to 1—so will the hope spring eternal that, for

a small outlay, temporary affluence may be assured." There is ample evidence of narrow views in the rules of some commission agents, as they hedge their subscribers round with so many absurd restrictions that losses on the part of the layer are rendered infinitesimal: this is the great drawback of a limited business. Volumes of commissions must pour in to make fairness and liberality possible. You get small benefits from a struggling life insurance company, and not certain stability; but the great institutions maintain a standard—and Mr. Gant is a "great institution."

In the supervision and training of his staff, tact has been displayed. The personnel at 25, Conduit Street have been in harness together for many years, and it is not to be wondered at that some "grow up grey" in the service. It is a harassing business, so rapid are the transactions which call for attention between, say, 1.30 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. on racing days. There is the proper apportioning of

amounts to different horses, and occasionally only a matter of minutes, nay seconds, to "underwrite" large amounts. Whilst Mr. Gant does not give advice on racing, he knows the market



BROWN RECEPTION ROOM.



MR. GANT'S PRIVATE OFFICE.



BANKING AND DESPATCHING DEPARTMENT.

and the racecourse, and how much he ought, as sound business policy, to distribute, with a due regard for "figures." The resources of the business can easily stand "one-horse books," and this is why stability is assured.

Of a capitalist of such resources, it might be asked how does he himself invest his money? The values of real and leasehold

estate are appreciated by Mr. Gant, and he is also a large shareholder in various commercial enterprises, and it is his rule to refuse seats on the boards of directorate of these concerns as he is ever too busy to give attention to outside affairs. Mr. Gant is also a private financier. He does a fair amount of business in bill-discounting; it was not sought for, but as he said once, "It came my way, and I thought, why should So-and-So

the camaraderie or good offices of the late Mr. Sam Lewis. Some of the amounts handed over for the bills were of the full face value on these documents. In other words, in certain cases it was a matter of friendliness—profitless good nature has frequently been an eccentricity of the ultra-keen.

A man likes a reputable club, his restaurants must be where

he can be seen, his bank must be a concern which can be referred to; it is a bit in his favour to be seen writing out a telegram to "Hump-backed, London." There is all the difference, say what you like, from dribbling out a codeword to "Instability, Brighton." In the latter, there is apt to be a perpetual win, tie, or wrangle. "Hump-backed, London," Mr. Gant's registered telegraphic address, signifies "full credit," privacy, "no limit," and a



DESPATCHING THE EVENING MAIL AT THE END OF A BUSY DAY.

pay other people impossible rates when I have the money?" So Mr. Gant has quantities of "paper" locked up in sealed envelopes in his strong room. There are curious stories of some of these "transactions" which recall in some instances

cheque, to the tick of the clock, for the winnings. Straightforward dealings do more than can be estimated to keep a healthy atmosphere about racing, and "no limit" gets a man round on occasions out of a rut of bad luck.

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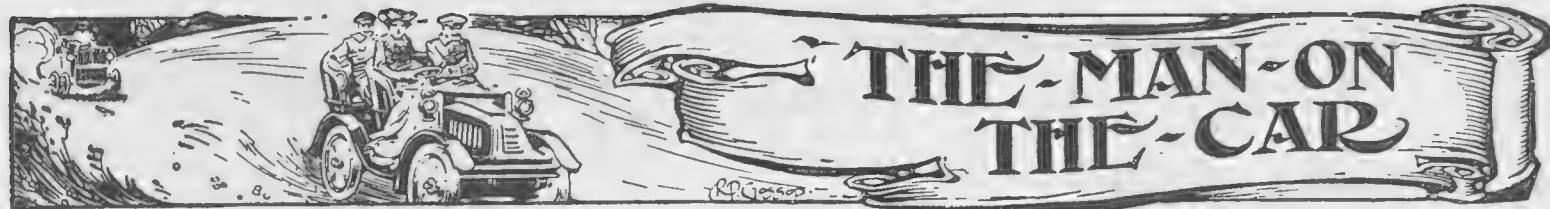
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MOTOR-RACING CATCHING ON AT BROOKLANDS: THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE MATCHES—A POOR LIST OF STARTERS IN THE CLUB TRIAL—THE AUSTIN GRAND PRIX CRACKS AT BROOKLANDS: MARVELLOUS TYRE-CHANGING WITH DUNLOP DETACHABLE RIMS—ADMIRABLE AVONS.

FROM the attendances at Brooklands on Whit Saturday and Monday it would appear that the public interest in motor-racing on that track is on the increase. Much enthusiasm was evinced in the Napier v. Metallurgique and the Napier v. Fiat matches, the opportunity of seeing that fine driver Nazzaro at the wheel of a big car being undoubtedly a great draw. The failure of the Belgian and English cars to run up to the form which was reasonably expected of them is to be regretted, but Mr. Warwick Wright is far from content with his defeats, and another series of these interesting competitions is to be arranged for in the immediate future. Whether Nazzaro and his Fiat will be seen again at Brooklands this year is uncertain, the Italian crack having so many Continental engagements in the immediate future. The 90-h.p. Fiat which he drove on Whit Monday last has also recrossed the Channel, for it appears that it is the property of the Italian company, and was only lent to Mr. D'Arcy Baker for the race.

There is no doubt that the Fiat showed a huge turn of speed, for since the meeting it has transpired that the big car was timed by Colonel Holden and Mr. Julian Orde to have completed one whole circuit of the Brooklands course at a speed of 120 miles per hour. This was the circuit in which she began to overtake "Samson," as the Napier car was named, and before that green glider began to exhibit a fit of the slows. The mishap to the latter is the more regrettable for the reason that, upon every occasion upon which the Napier cracks have been seriously raced at Brooklands, they have withstood the fierce strain of these gigantic speeds without faltering. I have reason to believe that Mr. D'Arcy Baker is by no means gratified at his hollow victory; he, like everyone else present on Whit Monday, would dearly have liked to see the two great cars fight out the issue bonnet by bonnet over the whole course. Well, better luck next time!

By the time these words see the light the forty odd cars entered for the International Reliability Trial of the Royal Automobile Club will be in the middle of the Scottish course of the Scottish Automobile Club's event. The entry for the senior club's competition is indeed a meagre one, and this is the more remarkable as the trade

themselves, through the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, practically endorsed the trial and were taken into counsel with regard to the various arrangements and conditions. While the R.A.C. list of starters falls short of fifty, that of the Scottish Club runs to over seventy—an indication that a good many of the makers were scared of the longer and severer trial. Purchasers will do well,

then, to make a careful note of the awards in the Royal A.C. Trial, for the cars that come successfully through the strenuous test of the 2000 miles (the final 200 of which consist of a race between the cars of the various classes at Brooklands upon the return of the "procession") will be worth noting indeed.

At Brooklands, on Whit Monday, the public attending were afforded an opportunity of witnessing the running of the three 58.1-h.p. Austin cars which are to compete in the Grand

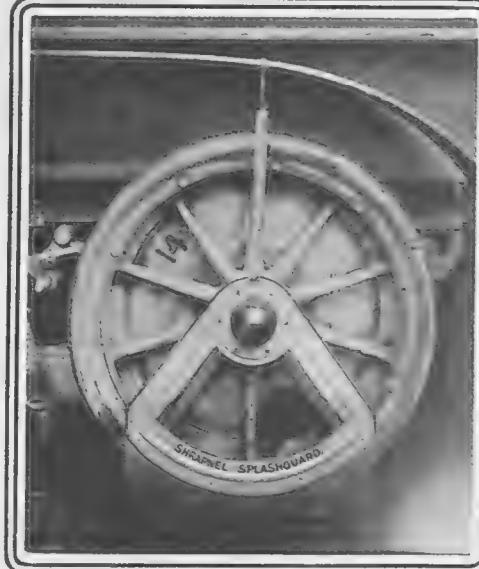
Prix race, next month. They were severally driven by Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Mr. D. Resta, and Mr. Warwick J. Wright. A condition of this race was the obligation for each car to stop at the conclusion of the first circuit and change a pair of back-wheel tyres. Resta and his companion were the smartest at this job, for they effected the operation in three minutes. Such an extraordinary feat is difficult to credit, until it is known that all the wheels of these three smart cars are fitted with the latest type of Dunlop detachable rim. Resta and his man both went to one wheel at once; the other crews tackled a wheel each. The Austin Grand Prix cars, although clearly not yet tuned right up to concert pitch, created an excellent impression upon the experts present.

The admirable and most conscientiously constructed tyres of the Avon India Rubber Company, Limited, of Melksham, Wilts, find favour with every fresh user. Only last week I met the owner of a heavy four-cylinder engined car on the road, who could not speak too enthusiastically of the wear he had got

out of a set of Avon tyres over the cruel, tyre-murdering roads of the south of England. A showery summer is death to tyres used over broken-up silex surfaces, and it was the wonderful resistance of the Avon tyres to the cutting properties of flint spars that so profoundly impressed the user in question. With cars that are prone to front-wheel skidding—a very dangerous tendency—the square-treaded cross-cut Avons will be found a sure preventative.



PIGS AND H.P.: THE MARQUIS DE VILLAMARTA ON HIS 42-H.P. DAIMLER AT THE FAIR OF JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, EIGHT MILES FROM CADIZ.



CHAIN-MAIL AS A PROTECTION AGAINST MUD: THE NEW "SHRAPNEL SPLASH-GUARD" FOR USE ON MOTOR-BUSES AND OTHER MOTOR VEHICLES.

The new splash-guard here illustrated is designed to protect the public from the mud thrown laterally from motor-buses in particular, and motor-cars in general. The "business end" of the guard is of chain-mail, so that if by any chance it strikes against the curb, no damage is done to the device.

[Continued on a later page.]

KEY-NOTES

ONLY those who enjoy the confidence of the management of our Opera-house would be able to say why Gluck's "Armide" was revived; but nobody will regret the revival, because it was the most charming opera of its day, and has managed to preserve countless attractions for well over a hundred years. "Armide" comes, appropriately enough, among the German operas, though it should have been given at the beginning rather than at

the close of the Wagner performances, because Gluck was, in a musical sense, the father of Wagner, a great reformer of opera, and a man who saw that the conventions of his time would ruin operatic art altogether if they were to be persisted in. He endeavoured to hold the balance even between the stage and the orchestra, and though the music may, and in fact does, sound very old-fashioned in this twentieth century, we must bear in mind that it was a revelation to the eighteenth, and that the charm and beauty are untouched by the years.

"Armide" is only possible to-day if it is very finely performed, and, happily, the reprise the work as large a measure of

justice as it has ever enjoyed from Dr. Richter in the conductor's seat and Mlle. Destinn in the title rôle, the other interests of the opera are in safe hands. Mlle. Destinn has added to a remarkable reputation by her performance in the name-part. Doubtless "Armide" is a joy to those who cannot forgive so many of our modern writers of music for forgetting melody. Gluck was as serious as Richard Strauss, but he was far more tuneful, and although he could not shake off the orchestral conventions of his time, and the simplicity of some of his music becomes a little tiresome before the evening is over, it must be confessed that the opera is full of delightful numbers.

If great courage could atone for moderate accomplishment we should have nothing but praise for Miss Louis von Heinrich (Mus.Bac.) She engaged the London Symphony Orchestra last week to play her compositions, Dr. Frederic Cowen to conduct them, and Miss Tilly Koenen to sing them. She herself played the solo part in her own pianoforte concerto. In a programme of six items

Episode for Orchestra by Svendsen

Dvorák's Fifth Symphony and an

served to introduce and round-

off the concert-giver's own compositions. Frankly, they have little to commend them. The songs are dull, though the setting is seldom as silly as are the words; the concerto is uninspired, immature, and uninteresting; and the movements for orchestra are quite ineffective. The ratio of effort to accomplishment reminded us of the proportion that the sack bore to the bread in Falstaff's famous tavern bill. To compose successfully one must have something worth saying, and must possess the capacity for effective expression. Miss Louis von Heinrich has mastered some of the mechanical side of her work, and she seems to be an effective pianist with a very delicate touch; but the concert will hardly create a demand for the composer's work, or even an interest in it, though orchestra, conductor, and singer worked loyally to that end.

The postponement for three days of "The Barber of Seville" is likely to crowd many interesting events into the next few nights at Covent Garden. We are to hear the much-discussed Lina Cavalieri, and Maria Gay will repeat her wonderful creation of "Carmen." "The Pearl-Fishers" is to give Tetzlitzini yet another opportunity, untroubled by Gala Night nervousness, and Melba's Desdemona and Tosca cannot be long delayed. At the moment, half the season has gone, and much remains to be done if the promised programme is to be given in extenso.—COMMON CHORD.



A YOUNG ENGLISH DÉBUTANTE:
MISS CARMEN VARDON.

Miss Carmen Vardon, who is nineteen, recently gave a first recital at the Aeolian Hall, and was heard to considerable advantage.

sources of Covent Garden can give justice as it has ever enjoyed from Dr. Richter in the conductor's seat and Mlle. Destinn in the title rôle, the other interests of the opera are in safe hands. Mlle. Destinn has added to a remarkable reputation by her performance in the name-part. Doubtless "Armide" is a joy to those who cannot forgive so many of our modern writers of music for forgetting melody. Gluck was as serious as Richard Strauss, but he was far more tuneful, and although he could not shake off the orchestral conventions of his time, and the simplicity of some of his music becomes a little tiresome before the evening is over, it must be confessed that the opera is full of delightful numbers.

In these days, when novelties are so much sought after on concert platforms, and are so hard to find, it was quite a good idea to devote a concert to music by royal composers. Naturally enough, royalty labours under great disadvantages when it turns to a study of the arts. Loyalty hesitates to congratulate princes upon accomplishments not generally associated with them, and hastens to look for evidence of professional assistance, so it is probable that rulers who have written music have received less credit than is their due. That there have been very many royal composers is well known. Several of the Plantagenets wrote songs, Edward IV. had his own orchestra, Richard III. found time to attend to music when, for the time being, he had no murder to commit, and Henry VIII. was a composer of parts. Queen Elizabeth, James I., Charles I.,

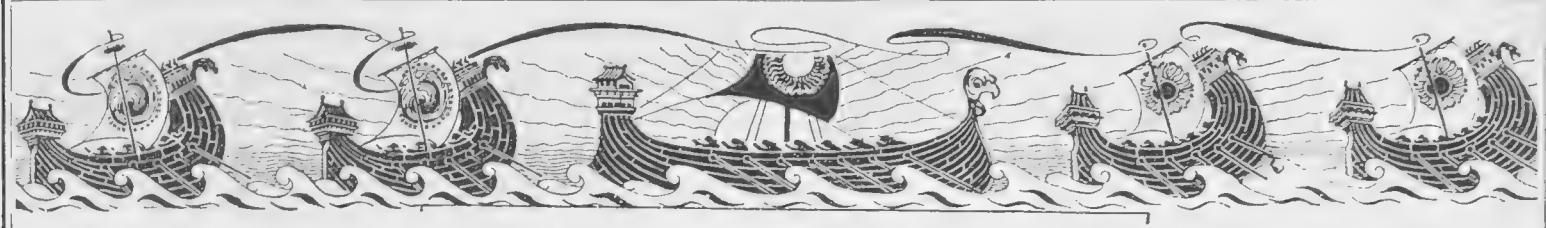


TO BE "STARRED" IN AN IRISH DRAMA: MR. JOSEPH O'MARA (AS PINKERTON IN "MADAMA BUTTERFLY.") Mr. O'Mara is to "star" in the United States for five years in an Irish drama in which he will sing several Irish folk-songs.

Photograph by H. R. White.



ORGANISER OF THE GREAT MATINÉE AT COVENT GARDEN: MME. MELBA. The great matinée organised by Mme. Melba is to take place at Covent Garden on Wednesday next (the 24th), and a programme of extraordinary interest is promised. Mme. Melba, by the way, scored a wonderful triumph at the Paris Opera last week, when she appeared with Caruso and Renaud in the special performance of "Rigoletto," in aid of the French Dramatic Authors' Society.—[Photograph by M. Shadwell Clerke.]



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

IT is feared that Lord Tweedmouth's breakdown in health is more serious than is generally supposed, and that his political career is at an end. Should he carry out his present intention and withdraw entirely from London Society, he will be greatly missed, for he is one of the best raconteurs of the present day, and always has a fund of new stories. One of the best of these refers to a predecessor of his at the Admiralty. His knowledge of the Navy was rudimentary in the extreme, and as he was to pay a visit of inspection to Portsmouth on the following day, he asked a naval friend of his to give him a few hints as to the etiquette, etc., to be observed. His friend did so, and especially impressed upon him to salute the quarterdeck the moment he stepped on board any vessel. On the day of the inspection the First Lord had occasion to go on board a torpedo-boat. He looked blankly round him for anything that might possibly answer for a quarterdeck, and seeing nothing likely, he ventured to appeal to a young officer who advanced to meet him. The officer smiled and said—“Oh, that is a right, Sir; the

AN IMPORTANT ROYAL MEMBER OF THE KING'S ASCOT HOUSE-PARTY: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GREECE.

The Duchess of Sparta, to give the Crown Princess the title she prefers, is a woman of great strength of character and culture. She showed her mettle during the disastrous Greco-Turkish War, and in consequence of her devotion to the wounded, is much beloved in her adopted country.

Photograph by Boehringer.

fact of the matter is, we have just stowed the quarterdeck for coal-ing!” And the First Lord went on his way quite satisfied.

Lady Weldon. Lady Weldon may be regarded as both an English and an Irish hostess, and since her marriage, which took place only six years ago, she has become very popular in the great world. *Née* Miss Winifred Varty-Rogers, Lady Weldon, at the time of her engagement to the good-looking, sporting military baronet who was so long A.D.C. to Lord



CABINET MINISTER AND CRICKETER: THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS AT THE WICKET ON THE NEW EALING RECREATION-GROUND.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Wolseley, was one of the prettiest girls in Society, and her wedding was a very smart function of the early winter of 1902. Sir Anthony Weldon's connection with the famous Field-Marshal is pleasingly recalled in the name of his eldest son, who is called Anthony Edward Wolseley.

A Future Queen keeper in Trade. The lady *s.h.o.p* *in Trade.* has become a recognised institution in Society, and more than one royal personage is supposed to gamble

quite successfully on the Stock Exchange. It has remained for the prettiest of future Queens—that is, for the Crown Princess of Roumania—actually to finance a great business enterprise. Her Royal Highness has just founded and is financing what promises to be the largest toothpick factory in the world. These curious aids to civilised eating are more popular abroad than they are in this country, and doubtless the Princess will find it quite easy to dispose of the twenty-five million toothpicks a year she intends to produce. At any rate, that is what her Royal Highness hopes to do.

Time's Whirligig. There will be a rare gathering of Americans at Olympia to-morrow for the opening of the great Horse Show. Some of the best animals in the competitions are American, and of those perhaps the finest of their type are owned by Mr. Walter Winans. If he cannot breed and train them no one can, for few men know more of the anatomy of the horse than this gifted American. He

is a first-rate sculptor, and can get the action of a horse into marble as well as any man that wields a chisel.

By this time he is practically an Englishman. They tried very hard to prove that his father was, and succeeded in so far as permanent domicile is concerned, though the present Chancellor of the Exchequer did his best to point out that the claim of the Crown was all wrong. From his place in the House Mr. Asquith might now

The late Mr. Winans had spent enough in England to let us know something of his resources.

In Scotland alone he disbursed £100,000 on his deer forests.

Lady Lister-Kaye.

Lady Lister-Kaye, whose husband, Sir John Lister-Kaye, has just been given a Court appointment—that of Groom-in-Waiting to the King—is a sister of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, and has long been a favourite hostess of the royal family. Although she was married in the early 'eighties of the last century, Lady Lister-Kaye has still a great look of youth; she is a brilliant talker, and she is regarded as supreme in the art of dressing.



LADY WELDON, WIFE OF SIR ANTHONY WELDON.

Photograph by Lafayette.



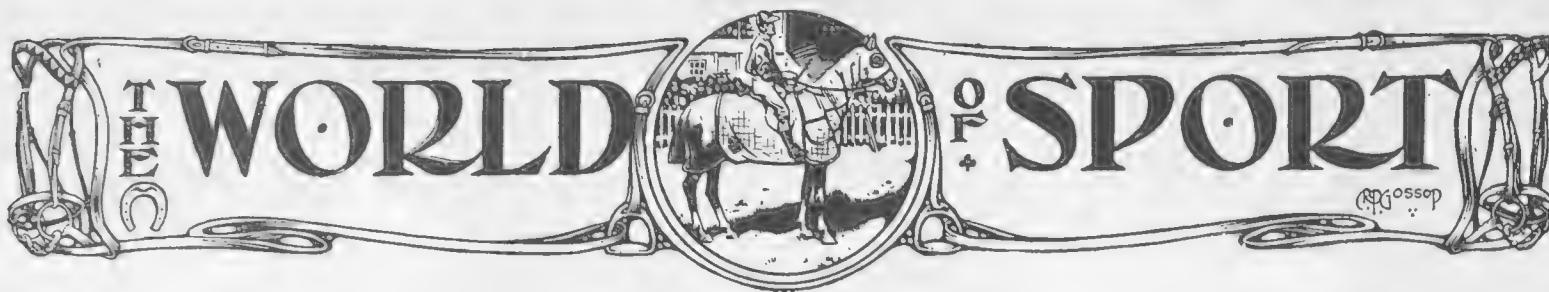
THE ROYAL FOUNDER OF A TOOTHPICK FACTORY: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

A large quill toothpick factory has just been founded in the neighbourhood of Bucharest, and financed by the Crown Princess of Roumania. The works are expected to turn out annually some twenty-five million toothpicks, and also a large number of quill-pens.



LADY LISTER-KAYE, WIFE OF THE NEW GROOM-IN-WAITING.

Photograph by Aimé Dupont.



ASCOT—SYSTEMS—AMATEUR TRAINERS.

IT is a great pleasure to be able to congratulate the Ascot authorities on their new five-shilling stand. The success of the meeting is now assured, and in years to come, no doubt, the little punters will congregate on the heath in their thousands. I think the railway companies should run cheap third-class trains later in the day than they do at present. It is by no means exorbitant to be charged 5s. 6d. for a return third-class ticket between London and Ascot, but I do think travellers ought to be carried at the fare later than eight o'clock in the morning, while they might, at a pinch, be allowed to return before seven o'clock at night. The Newmarket people are trying to get cheap third-class tickets for their meetings, and the experiment is to be made of running trains to the Turf headquarters and charging 6s. for return fares. Surely, then, the Ascot management could induce the railway companies to run third-class trains up to half-past nine each morning of the meeting. Under existing conditions, first and second class fares, 12s. 6d. return and 10s. return, are charged from 9.20 a.m. until 10.30 a.m., and after 10.30 a.m. until 12.55, first-class fares only are charged. I do not quite see how the five-shilling stand is to be filled if these fares and times remain, as the little man cannot bear this heavy expense; and surely it is a matter that could easily be rectified by the railway companies and the racecourse authorities. I am told that the introduction of motor-cars has played the dickens with first-class passenger traffic on many

profitably, one would require to have the Bank of England at one's back, and nowadays the market is so limited that it would be impossible to get the money on after a succession of misses. I once knew of a case where a man always began to follow my "naps" after they had missed nine times, and he was able to buy a row of houses with the proceeds. On the other hand, two peers, who between them had £750 per day on the "nap," had a terrible time. Why, I could never make out!

It is a fact worthy of notice that amateur trainers often show better results than professionals. I think the majority of our so-called fashionable trainers have too many horses to look after, while it may be said that the amateur frequently takes a more intelligent interest in his work. It does not say much for our professional trainers when between them they cannot prepare a horse that can stay the Derby course successfully. Signorinetta won simply because she was trained to win at the particular distance required, and her owner-trainer did not need to excuse himself on account of the state of the training-grounds, the weather, and so on and so forth. He simply galloped his filly day in and day out to make a stayer of her, and this he succeeded in doing. With many of the other trainers the case was different. A glance at the records will show that their classic horses were fed up on five-furlong bursts, and an occasional mile-and-a-half gallop. It is pitiable to think that only a very few men can successfully train long-distance animals, and the majority of the trainers who can belong to the amateur division. I have before asserted in this column that race-horses must be treated naturally, to win, and not be pampered and coddled as though they were pet poodles. I think the breeding system sinks into insignificance when compared with the treatment to be applied to the



C. H. MAYO, WHO HAS JUST DONE THE FIRST NINE HOLES OF THE BURHILL LINKS IN '29.

Last week C. H. Mayo succeeded in reducing his record for the Burhill Links to 66. During this performance he did the first nine holes in the remarkable score of 29 strokes.

Photograph by Thiele.

lines. Then why not fill up the vacuum by introducing cheap trips? A well-filled third-class train must surely return a large margin of profit if 5s. 6d. be charged for the third-class return fare between London and Ascot.

System backing is becoming popular, but I doubt if there has yet been discovered any system that would hold water for any length of time. One gentleman advises the laying the first favourite to win a fixed sum per day at odds not longer than 3 to 1 against. This reads all right on paper, but how is it to be put into practice? I doubt if any bookmaker would allow a backer to work a system of this sort. I know of two big backers who are working a system under which they try to win a fixed sum over the tips given by two morning paper vaticinators. They could, I am told, stand a losing sequence of thirteen, but after that the bank would be swallowed up. Seeing that a leading jockey has been known to ride forty-two losers in succession, it is quite possible for a prophet to be wide of the mark fourteen times running. I have been in this disposition myself more than once. The late Mr. Tattersall used to back the biggest outsider in the Derby; and the late Sam Lewis, the big financier, always backed the penalised horse in a big handicap. The Martingall system brought its lucky worker something over £100,000. He used to follow a certain number of good horses, doubling the stakes each time they lost. But to work this system



THAT HIS SHOULDER MAY NOT BE PUT OUT: CAPTAIN MILLER'S SAFETY DEVICE.

Captain Miller, D.S.O., the well-known polo-player, put his shoulder out at polo so frequently that he had two alternatives before him—either to give up polo altogether, or to devise some apparatus that would permit him to play with less risk of injury. He chose the latter, and has hit upon the apparatus shown in our photograph. Over his right shoulder and under his left arm is a tight elastic band, and fixed to his belt on the right side are some elastic cords which pass through a band just above his right elbow. This prevents his arm and shoulder from giving way to the strain, and up to now has proved successful.

Photograph by Halfstones.

training of a thoroughbred. The amateur trainers are plucky and, what is more to the point, they are intelligent, with the result that they train more than their share of winners.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Silence
Cure.

All feminine persons who are obliged to talk a good deal during the season should take a silence cure once a fortnight. It is not necessary to refrain from saying "Bo" to a goose should you be fortunate enough to meet so engaging a fowl during your morning airing (for the silence cure must be taken in the country); but

all continuous speech should be left to the Lady in the Drawing-Room of the hotel in which you are staying. Ladies in hotel drawing-rooms are a race apart. They have a flow of rhetoric, a passion for self-expression, to be found in no other class in England. There is nothing they will not tell you, from their most intimate family affairs to an exhaustive account of a visit to New Zealand in 1888. Their conversation is an admirable substitute for narcotics, and by sitting with your back to the light, you can snatch delirious joys in the way of illicit

over to enjoy the good fare of the British household and to save from the liberal wages given by English mistresses. Scandinavia will presently supply the pillars on which our fastidious society is built up, for in fifty years it will be as difficult to get an English servant as it is in America to procure a native of the United States to serve in that useful capacity. But if the Norwegian girl brings with her the doubts and problems which agitate the female soul in Ibsen's plays, modern housekeepers will have a nice to-do to maintain domestic peace below-stairs.

The Bel-Alp of
London.

Much has been written of late about the fascination of London—for we Londoners have suddenly acquired a good conceit of ourselves and our city—but no one ever seems to mention the charm of our Bel-Alp. I daresay there are some five millions or so of Cockneys who have never made the ascent of London's only mountain. Yet on a hot day, and still more on a hot night, it is amazingly cool on the kum of Primrose Hill. It is frequented by particularly attractive dogs, by cheerful youths from an adjacent Army crammer's, and by sentimental German couples from the northern Teutonic colony. There are no tramps, few small boys, and fewer courting shop-assistants, for the summit, with its bright lamps and shady trees, is too frequented for the coy young Eros. Just now the little pink May-trees are all in full bloom—suggesting young girls in rose-colour at their first party—and this touch of gay colour suggests what might be done to make Primrose Hill not only worthy of its floral name, but the most entrancing spot in which to take the air in all London. Why, indeed, when flowers are planted with a lavish hand in every park and open space, are there no flower-beds, or even flowering shrubs, on Primrose Hill? If one or two modish ladies would take to sitting under the plane-trees on our Bel-Alp it would speedily become the fashion, and a little paradise of rhododendrons and geraniums, of clove-pinks and lilies, topped by spreading palms and ilexes, might form a background to summer frocks and straw hats. For our Bel-Alp is, in a motor-car, but fifteen minutes, or less, from Club-land, and there is nothing to keep Londoners from it except the fact that they have never seen it, and do not know where it is.



[Copyright.]

A HAT FOR GARDEN-PARTY WEAR, SKETCHED
AT THE MAISON LEWIS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

slumber while the Lady in the Drawing-Room talks—and chats. If you have uttered no superfluous word for three days, your cure may be considered complete, and you will be able to hasten back with stores of renewed vitality to the dinner parties of London.

Discomfort in the
Winter Palace.

Palaces are proverbially uncomfortable places in which to live, but for dismal surroundings it would be hard to beat the St. Petersburg residence of Nicholas II., unless it has been altered since I saw it soon after his accession. It is not that the various ball-rooms and *salles d'audience* are not magnificent and of an unreasonable length and size; but Russia is the Orient, and you have only to draw aside a curtain and penetrate into the private apartments to find cheap, shabby furniture, dreadful carpets, and a strange absence of light, air, and ventilation. Some of the Imperial bed-rooms are built along a corridor, and are mere cupboards without lighting of their own; the sleeping apartment belonging to the Tsarevitch resembled, in sinister fashion, a prison cell, and was furnished with painted deal furniture such as a Tweenie would despise in an English house. The only light and air appeared to come from high windows in the corridor outside, and during the wan, snow-laden winter days of the North, this bedroom of the Imperial Heir to all the Russias must be one of the most melancholy spots on earth. It is small wonder that the present Tsar and his belongings prefer to live at Peterhof or Gatchina. A winter in the Winter Palace would drive a modern, sensitive person mad.

The Newest Pillars
of Society.

It is a truism that our present civilisation is raised on a structure of personal service, and without well-trained domestic servants, life becomes a wild and whirling chaos. The free-born female Briton does not take kindly to "service," but prefers, nowadays, to take up typewriting, the stage, tea-shops, and other drudgery where she will have what she calls her freedom—which in many cases means too often the freedom to starve. Yet the plumpest, prettiest, best-fed girls in England are to be found among nursemaids, parlour-maids, and cooks, and this fact is so much appreciated abroad that multitudes of Norwegian maidens are hurrying



[Copyright.]

A NATTIER-BLUE MUSLIN GOWN FOR GARDEN-
PARTY WEAR.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THERE was a preliminary milliner canter to Ascot and the Grand Prix last week, when there went up to a presiding genius of the realms of fashion a chorus of praise. M. Lewis, of Maison Lewis, was over at the big establishment, 210, Regent Street. He is a man of movement as of genius, and flits from one capital to another, crowning beauty as it should be crowned, with all that there is of lightness, daintiness, and becomingness. A reception was therefore given in the fine salons of his London house, and there went all the smart women whose hearts were set on being among the best dressed at the great show. I must say that never have I seen more lovely or more varied models. They are large, every one of them, but some are larger than others. I watched a smart-looking, handsome woman put on five, and every one she liked so much she had to have it. At last, with great strength of mind, she donned her own again, convinced that to see any more of the beauties on her head meant financial overthrow.

On "Woman's Ways" page is an illustration of M. Lewis's art, one which has gained for him a reputation that makes women crave his favours, as he knows at a single glance what to make for them. A wide-brimmed chapeau of paille d'Italie, the crown of clustering roses in every shade of pink, the brim lined with satin in a subtle pale shade of rose, is lovely. Then there was a huge, wide-brimmed French-grey straw, with the softest roses the same colour all round, having grey leaves. A broad, soft ribbon of French grey crossed it, and was fastened loosely below the chin. Tilted a wee bit to one side over sunshiny, fluffed-out hair, it made a plain face pretty and a pretty one lovely. In different style was a bracken-green dull straw, with a high crown, round which was a folded band of grey soft silk, while at one side was a great, high cluster of soft shaded grey ostrich-feathers. Description fails to convey how alluring these hats are. To be properly appreciated they must be seen. Never have I seen shades blended or contrasted more artistically; and never can flowers have looked so light, tulle so diaphanous as, or feathers more airily handsome than those in the masterly confections of the Maison Lewis.

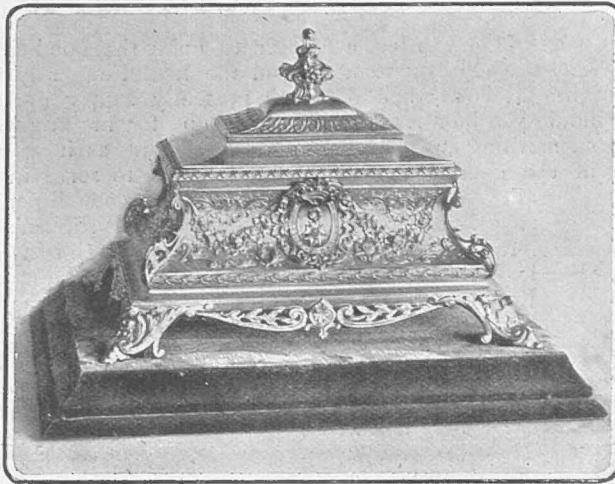
An art that is always immensely interesting to me is that of making perfume. It was therefore a great pleasure to go over the fine new premises which Messrs. J. Grossmith and Son have found it necessary to add to their establishment at 29, Newgate Street. Their perfumes and preparations increase in favour every year, the latest, "Shem-el-Nessim," having "caught on" to an extent which has astonished a firm familiar with successes for many a long year. Their "Florodora," "Hasu-no-Hana," "Phul-Nana" are all endeared to British women by long use, for there is nothing to which our senses cling like a really beautiful scent. The new building is the last word in erections suited to the art of distilling perfumes and to the business of sending it broadcast over the world. It has been put

up regardless of cost, and is throughout of concrete. There is not an iron girder in it; all are of concrete moulded and set and absolutely fire-proof. To attain immunity from fire the whole of the woodwork, including the stairways and balusters, are teak, which is as fire-resisting as stone, and wears years longer. Everything is up to date, including a lift working automatically, but which will never leave a floor until the door is shut, so preventing an accident. There are in all seven floors, every one of which is light and airy. At the very top are the tanks which receive the various extracts conducted from the other establishments over the roofs. On the floor below are the laboratory, and the great copper tanks, in each of which are so many gallons of scent. The next floor to this is the bottling one. Below is a room for finishing, labelling, capping, and tying; then come the stock-rooms. It is all compact and easy, and the comfort of the workers well thought of.

I was interested to see the hundreds of bottles from which scents are made, and to know that as many as sixty ingredients may go to the making of one. Ambergris is one essential, and its price is about equal to that of gold. Then there is civet, which smells horrid, and is yet the basis which corrects the volatility of the most delicate essence. Musk, too, is costly; each ounce of it means the death of a muskdeer. Assuredly there is much besides the nicest skill and scientific chemistry that goes to the making of a successful perfume. The best reward of the firm is, perhaps, masses of appreciative letters such as are reaching them every day now about "Shem-el-Nessim," their latest, and, perhaps greatest, triumph.

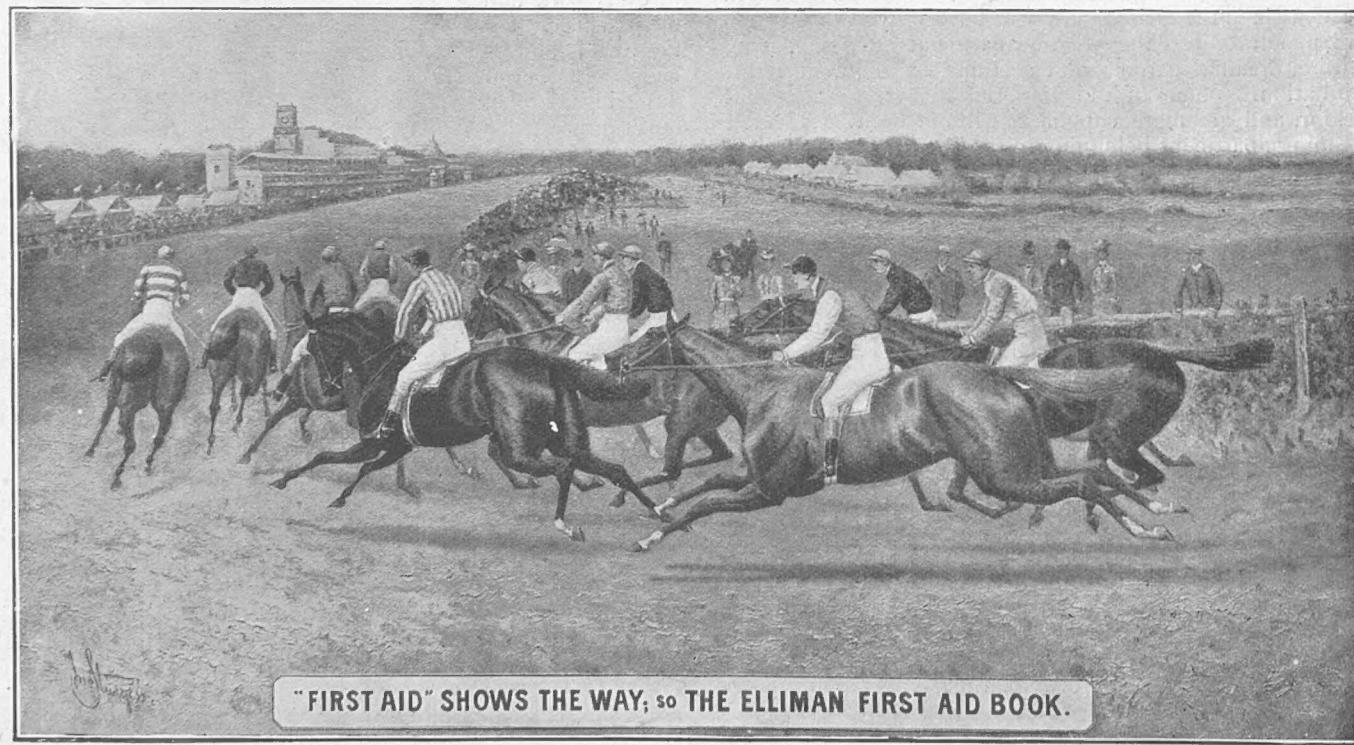
OUR PRESENTATION SUPPLEMENT.

WITH this issue of *The Sketch* we present a Photogravure Supplement of Mlle. Greuze posing as the famous Greuze picture, "The Broken Pitcher." We need scarcely say that "La Cruche Cassée" is one of the artist's best-known paintings, and that the original is in the Louvre. Greuze, it may be noted, was born on Aug. 21, 1725, of obscure parentage. It was not long before his artistic ability made itself apparent, and from the time he was eight years old drawing supplied him with his chief amusement. The artist's father was a builder and contractor, and wished his son to become an architect. Later, Greuze began to study under the portrait-painter Grandon, of Lyons. Perhaps his first success may be called "L'Aveugle Trompé," and in 1755 he was made *agréé* of the Academy. His next step forward was made with the exhibition of "Un Père de Famille qui lit la Bible à ses Enfants." The artist died in 1805, after the Revolution had taken from him the pension he had received from the King and his fashionable clientele and patrons.



FROM THE BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR
TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The presentation was made by Sir Albert Rollit, to whom the President expressed great admiration of the beautiful casket and address-case, the design and workmanship being specially remarked upon by M. Fallières. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, W., designed and manufactured both casket and address-case, as well as the gold casket presented to the President by the Corporation of the City of London.



CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 24.

MONEY, TRADE, AND OTHER THINGS.

THE decision of the Bank to leave the discount rate unaltered at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was not unexpected, and the return disclosed quite unimportant movements, leaving the proportion of reserve to liabilities still over 50 per cent. In all directions the monetary situation, the returns of the Bankers' Clearing House, and the Board of Trade figures, indicate a period of slack trade, which will probably produce, if it continues, the much-needed Stock Exchange improvement, especially in the higher class of securities.

Of late there has been considerable discussion over the coffee corner, in which the Government of the State of St. Paulo are largely interested. For any Government to lend its credit and assistance to a scheme for artificially supporting the market value of *any* product is so dangerous that we do not wonder many people are fighting shy of St. Paulo securities, in the hope that they will be able to buy cheaper when the unfortunate coffee speculation has come to its inevitable end. All we can say about it is that we have no great confidence in the credit and financial stability of any Government which engages the national funds in "valorisation" schemes, whether for coffee or any other commercial commodity. Have we not seen copper corners, wheat corners, camphor corners, and fifty others, and has not the end of all been the same?

The meeting of the Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, held on the 5th inst., must have proved satisfactory to the shareholders, as in addition to the usual 20 per cent. dividend, a bonus of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was distributed. Lemco, Oxo, and the Company's other preparations are so firmly established that the Company's shares have long passed into the region of the first-class Industrial investment, and the chairman had nothing but encouraging statements to make in his annual review of the Company's operations.

GOOD INVESTMENTS.

Those who are looking for good investments may well bestow a little attention upon some of the new issues that have been recently made. We do not refer to the new Union Pacific bonds. They were best left alone, and the price will degenerate into a several-points discount, unless we are mistaken. The idea of comparing these bonds, with their flimsy security, side by side with the new Pennsylvania Fours, is ludicrous. At $99\frac{1}{2}$, fully paid, the latter are as good an investment of their class as can be desired. Almost as good, it seems to us, are the new City of Winnipeg 4 per cent. bonds at $95\frac{1}{2}$, or thereabouts—the security sound, the interest well covered. Paying a higher rate, can be obtained the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debentures of the Vera Cruz Terminals, standing about $96\frac{1}{2}$. They are guaranteed by four of the principal railways in Mexico, stand in front of Mexican Railway First Preference, and are well covered by assets and income. Another investment, of character somewhat similar, is the 4 per cent. bond of the National Railways of Mexico, which carries the guarantee of the Mexican Government and stands at $86\frac{1}{2}$. Very few dealings have yet taken place in this security, but shrewd folk are picking up the bonds when they can get them, and there is a tiny market in them. The new Liptons can be bought for Special Settlement by way of speculative investment.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"I require neither tortoises *nor* gold-fish," said Our Stroller, politely motioning away the vendor of those luxuries as he stood in Throgmorton Street the other evening.

"Allow me, then, to congratulate you upon a very enviable frame of mind," his broker said, coming up and shaking hands. "How are you?"

"And how are things?" Our Stroller asked.

"Rather so-so," was the reply. "Frightfully erratic, our markets are. You can't trust them for two minutes together."

"Then you certainly can't trust them alone," Our Stroller answered, with attempted facetiousness.

"Tickle me, and I'll giggle," said the broker, without a smile. "What are all your friends doing?"

"Nursing a few Kaffirs that they've picked up at about the present prices, and refused to sell when they saw a small profit."

The broker nodded as though he thoroughly understood.

"Kaffirs are going better?" inquired The Stroller.

"I read them so, but there's—well, I don't know. It's one of the funniest booms that ever I've seen."

"To my mind," put in a stranger, who had joined them, "the most satisfactory point about the whole business is the absence of a rush. This encourages the public—"

"Think so?" inquired another. "My boy, a rush is the very thing the public love when they're gambling, and there's nothing like a boom—a real out-and-outer—to rope 'em into Kaffirs."

"It's so long since we've had what you call an out-and-outer—"

"In-and-outergain is what we're more used to."

"—That you can't tell how the public would take a real live boom."

"Can't tell!" and there was a wealth of scorn in the speaker's tone. "You think I have a wonderfully poor knowledge of human nature."

"May be, but if—"

"If Kaffirs are to rise—" interjected Our Stroller.

"Which they will do, I rather fancy," the broker remarked.

"I maintain that little reactions encourage people to buy more stock," said the defender of his faith.

"Therefore you rejoice at a fall?"

"Provided the fall doesn't go far enough to choke people off, and make them lose what little faith they've got left in the market."

"There is sweet reasonableness in that last man's speech," commented Our Stroller, as the group broke up.

His broker reminded him of the fresh money which many of the Companies, "like the Randfontein, for instance, want for the development of their properties."

"They must keep the market good, surely, if they want to be successful with new issues?"

"That's a point in the situation, certainly. As I said, I read Kaffirs better, but they may still have to suffer in order to become beautiful."

Our Stroller laughed, and capped the quotation by suggesting that prices would have to recoil, so that they might the better spring forward.

"Trunks are flat as mud," called out a passer-by to the broker.

The latter said he wasn't surprised. "A dead snip, wasn't it," he observed to his client, "when I told you to sell Trunks some weeks ago?"

"Wish I'd taken your so excellent advice."

"Like most clients, you only act upon tips that aren't invariably successful," complained the broker gloomily. "But it was a good tip to sell Trunks."

"They will rally, when?"

"Directly traffics begin to buck up—say about the middle of July. You won't get much dividend on Firsts or Seconds for the current half-year, though—"

"About as much as on Thirds and Ordinary, I suppose?"

The broker advised him to send that to the *Times*, or some comic paper. "It is too good for Throgmorton Street."

"Cheer up," retorted our friend. "You're not a bull of Trunks, are you? There, don't get wild. Know anything about Rio Tintos?"

"There's a cunning crowd buying them," was the reply. "And I had a letter from a relative of mine in Huelva, and he speaks pretty glowingly about the concern, its reserves, and its new open-cast workings."

"It all depends upon the price of the metal, as you say. But just buy me twenty for a spec., will you?"

"Delighted. Are you in this James Nelson rise, or Liptons?"

"I'd rather have Liptons."

"So would I—much. Wait half a sec. while I see what Tintos are." And off he hurried.

A gentleman of enormous girth stepped on to the pavement, next Our Stroller. To the former up spake a pert-faced little gamin with this extraordinary request—

"Please, Sir, can you lend me a stummick?"

And while the victim gasped helplessly for breath and words, the young urchin explained—

"Cause I'm going to a Sunday School treat to-morrow!"

Saturday, June 13, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. B.—(a) We do not think so. The concern is a sort of money-lending, bill-of-sale affair, and we should not like to trust £500 of our own money with it. (b) The Shipping shares are a regular bucket-shop tip, and we do not advise purchase.

TELWIN.—The shares are a speculative purchase, and are low because the trade outlook is not supposed to be promising.

EAST LONDON.—Your letter was answered on the 10th inst.

E. P. E.—The broker's name has been sent to you. The Cordoba Central Debentures mentioned by "Q" in our issue of the 3rd inst. are, we think, a good purchase. See also this week's Notes.

AVERAGE.—Your letter was answered on the 11th inst., and our second letter was written because of information which came to hand after the first one was posted.

ENIGMA.—We cannot understand the circular, or what it is the Company want you to do. Write to the secretary.

MOSSFIELD.—See answer (a) to W. B. As to depositing the money for five years certain, we should think it tempting Providence.

ORACLE.—The Diamond shares must be speculative from the very nature of the industry. The Mining Debentures are also speculative, but probably all right. The Furnishing Company's shares we would not hold, but the Tramway we consider a really good investment.

E. H. C.—(1) See answer (a) to W. B. and to Mossfield. (2) The less you have to do with them the better. (3) A good second-class investment.

PHÆNIX.—Please send prospectus.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The sudden death of that good sportsman the Earl of Derby has cast a gloom over the racing world. It will keep many from Ascot. I think Malua will win the Royal Hunt Cup, and the White Knight the Gold Cup. Other fancies for the meeting are: Fern Hill Stakes, Bracelet; Coronation Stakes, Courtesy; Fiftieth Biennial, Perrier; Ascot Derby, Morena; St. James's Palace Stakes, Primer; Forty-fifth New Biennial, Jubilee; Rous Memorial Stakes, Weathercock; New Stakes, Minoru; Forty-sixth New Biennial, Perdicaas; All Aged Stakes, Llangwm; Wokingham Stakes, Garnock; King's Stand Stakes, Solferino; Ascot High Weight Stakes, Snow Leopard; Windsor Castle Stakes, Saint's Mead; Hardwicke Stakes, Galvani; Alexandra Plate, Radium.

THE MAN ON THE CAR (continued).

THE CURIOUS BODY CONDITIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL RELIABILITY TRIAL—THE DUNLOP HUMAN GUIDE-POSTS—THE PREVALENCE OF THE DUNLOP DETACHABLE RIM—ALIGNMENT OF STEERING-WHEELS.

COMPLIANCE with the conditions governing body-dimensions in the International Reliability Trial has produced, in many cases, some quaint-looking vehicles. It is quite obvious that the design was a paper one only, and that the dimensions set out could never have been materialised in a sample body. The cars whose carriage-work is strictly in accord with Cocker present a very weird appearance, and resemble nothing more than a gigantic high-backed slipper. It is quite certain that no private owner would place an order for such a body, and yet the examples to be seen running in the trial are the result of much expert cogitation, wrestling with the problem of the production of the most perfect and most comfortable type of touring-body. As a matter of fact, those responsible for the framing of the particulars appear to have been obsessed entirely by the question of wind-pressure, and to have disregarded altogether the question, the very particular and vital question, of the comfort of the passengers.

The trail of the Dunlop is over the whole face of the R.A.C. Reliability Trial. At every awkward turning in a town or junction, cross-roads, or fork in the country, the company presents itself as guide, philosopher, and friend in the shape of a white-smocked, yellow-trimmed figure bearing the mystic word "Dunlop" emblazoned

here and there upon his vestments, and waving a huge Union Jack in the direction to be taken by the cars. A remarkable feature of the Trial is the prevalence of the Dunlop detachable rim. Every other car seems to be fitted with this ingenious and time-saving appliance, and as time lost in replacing tyres means marks lost, the possession of a fitting which, as was the case with the Grand Prix Austin driven by D. Resta in the Training Stakes at Brooklands on Whit Monday, permits the changing of two back tyres in the startlingly short period of three minutes is of the utmost value, and it is not astonishing that a large number of the competing cars should be so provided. Dunlop detachable rims may mean much at Brooklands.

Much too little attention is paid to the due alignment of the front wheels of a car after it comes into the possession of a private owner. Even slight wear on the steering-pivots and the ball and socket-joints of the steering-connections permits a certain amount of lateral movement of the tyre-surface on the road, which, apart altogether from pure circumferential rolling, tends to very rapid tyre wear. Side-shake in the steering-wheel bearings themselves, and play in the steering-pivots and connections, should be immediately and carefully taken up. Such adjustments require the services of a skilled man, for nothing is so tiring, or even dangerous, as stiff steering. Also, front wheels which do not revolve freely on their bearings are, of course, swelling the fuel bill all the time. On the other hand, they should not be loose thereon, for in that case lateral rubbing, very detrimental to the surface of the tyre, is set up, particularly when running over rough and unequal surfaces.



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lateral rubbing, very detrimental to the surface of the tyre, is set up, particularly when running over rough and unequal surfaces.

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